THE LIVING AGE

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for April, 1936

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THE LIVING AGE. Published monthly. Publication office, 10 FERRY STREET, CONCORD, N. H. Editorial and General offices, 253 Broadway, New York City. 50c a copy. $6.00 a year. Canada, $6.50. Foreign, $7.00. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

WITH all the excitement caused by Hitler's occupation of the Rhineland, a great deal has been written and said about Germany's preparations for war. But so far we have failed to see in this country any discussion of the Reich's new automobile highways. General Serrigny's article not only describes them, but points out their military significance, and outlines a counter-program for France. [p. 102]

ONCE AGAIN the 'Special Correspondent' of the *Manchester Guardian* delves into the closely guarded secrets of the Nazi Government, coming out this time with a detailed account of the organization of the Gestapo, or Secret Police. How this anonymous newspaperman succeeds in getting his stories only he himself knows. But the reports he sends back to his paper constitute one of the most valuable sources of information about Nazi Germany we have. [p. 108]

IS MAN a 'rational egoist' or a 'homicidal maniac'? An English psychologist, Mr. Roger Money-Kyrle, thinks that he is 'an aggressive animal with a slightly paranoiac strain,' and that it is to this fact that his wars are due. Accordingly the road to peace leads, not through social revolution, but through the nursery—as will appear in the article, *Paranoia and War*. [p. 111]

BUT if there is a psychological explanation of war, there is also a psychological explanation of constitutional monarchy. The famous London psychoanalyst, Dr. Ernest Jones, explains in terms of the Œdipus Complex, and other relics of the nursery, the extraordinary stability of the British form of government. [p. 117]

SO MUCH has been heard about the corruption and duplicity of the Chinese Government that there is grave danger of losing sight of the good it does. We offer this month an article on a rural education program in China which was started by a single individual, Dr. Yen, but has now been taken under the Government's wing. According to the author, the experiment is to serve as a model for all China. [p. 121]

NEXT we have a sketch by a Frenchman of Outer Mongolia, and its capital, Ulan Bator. This is the frontier land, the 'march,' where Soviet Russia and ancient China meet and fuse. The result, as Mr. Eugène Schreider points out, is a curious mixture of Sovietism and theocracy. [p. 126]

FROM Mongolia we skip to Siam. There it is not Russia but Japan which is slowly permeating the country with its influence. Writing in the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Otto Corbach describes the process, and the Siamese reaction to it. [p. 128]

OUR group on the Far East is concluded by an article on the chains of small islands which ring around Japan, from the Sea of Okhotsk to the South Seas. The southernmost of these groups Japan received as mandates from the League of Nations. Though no longer a member of the League, she continues to hold the islands, and the League Mandates Commission has shown some concern over the amount of money she has been spending on them. Mr. Willard Price reports that the improvements are not military in character. At the same time the islands form an ideal protective barrier in case of war. [p. 130]

WITH the turn of the year Soviet Russia abolished the last of her ration cards, and the long awaited era of abundance was forthwith ushered in. Writing in the *Neues Tagebuch*, Leo Lania, a German

(*Continued on page 188*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

April, 1936 *Volume 350, Number 4435*

The World Over

THE LAST THREE WEEKS of February and the first week of March witnessed four events all of which indicated the same underlying shift in the world-wide class struggle. First and foremost, the Spanish elections showed that the forces of the Left, especially the Labor movement, had not only achieved unity but had gained the support of the majority of the Spanish people. The Japanese elections told the same story. Here the liberal Minseito Party and the Social Masses Party, representing organized labor, outvoted the conservative Seiyukai Party, which has supported the army's high-handed invasion of China. The attempted *coup d'état* and the murder of several statesmen showed the lengths to which the Japanese militarists will go in opposing the desires of the people.

In France, the ratification of the Soviet Pact by the Chamber of Deputies represented the first tangible victory by the Popular Front, which, again, has the support of the majority of the French nation. Finally, even Hitler's repudiation of the Locarno Treaty suggests—especially in the light of the increasing privations of the German people—that domestic discontent required a bold move in the foreign field.

Of course none of these events means that world revolution is at the door. The Second World War still seems to have the call. But it does seem that in Spain, Japan, France and Germany corresponding elements in the population have shown signs of life. In Spain the victory of the combined forces of Socialism, Communism and Syndicalism took the most sensational form, for the army fraternized with the workers. When

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one young officer in Madrid drew his sword and ordered his men to charge a street demonstration, the people and the soldiers joined forces in disarming and unhorsing him. It seems certain, however, that the forces of reaction will strike back as they did in Japan and as they may, even yet, in France.

SENATOR NYE'S arms investigation in the United States and the findings of the Royal Commission on the Trade in Arms in England have again drawn public attention to the profits of munitions makers. The British government's rearmament program has already yielded profits of a million-and-a-half pounds to Sir John D. Siddeley, Chairman of the Armstrong-Siddeley Development Company, while Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith of *America's* Cup fame made 300 million pounds from an aircraft merger. During the past year alone, purchasers of armament and aircraft shares have reaped profits as high as 900 per cent merely in anticipation of future government orders, and British tax laws do not 'crack down' on capital gains as the American tax laws do. When the actual work on rearmament begins, the Secret International of munitions makers will profit still more handsomely. Sir Harry McGowan, Chairman of Imperial Chemicals Industries, told the British arms commission that his company and its twenty-one foreign affiliates could produce war material from factories now making peace-time goods. He did not hesitate to give details:—

> Nitric acid was produced in considerable quantities, and that was a basic material for practically all high explosives. By-products from the hydrogenation of coal could produce certain compounds which entered into the manufacture of high explosives. Nitro-cellulose was made for industrial purposes; it could readily change over to nitro-cellulose for military explosives, and so on. . . . Chlorine, used early in the War for gas attacks, was now one of the most important and useful servants of the community in the form of bleaching powder or other chloro-compounds. It also provided the only known efficient means of decontamination after a mustard-gas attack, and was therefore a defensive weapon of the highest value.

HECTOR C. BYWATER, naval correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, and the best informed writer on naval warfare in the world, has written two articles telling what the British people might expect for the money their Government is spending on defense. He draws attention to the dependence of the British Isles on foreign foodstuffs:—

> In Great Britain, at any given moment, there are stocks of food sufficient for six to eight weeks only. They are replenished daily by cargoes arriving from Canada, the United States, South America, India, Australia, New Zealand, and the Far East.
>
> Excluding Continental sources of supply—which represent only a small per-

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> centage of our total imports—6,000 miles is a conservative estimate of the average voyage of the ships bringing food and other commodities to British home ports. They follow certain routes, any deviation from which would prolong the average voyage and thus upset the nicely adjusted schedule of arrivals and clearances on which the feeding of our population and the smooth working of our gigantic industrial machine depend.

Neither air power nor sea power can alone serve Britain's defense needs. The two must—and will—be coördinated. Mr. Bywater points out that every American and Japanese battleship has at least two aircraft, and every cruiser at least four, whereas less than half the corresponding British vessels carry any airplanes at all, and in most cases they carry only one. The British fleet also does not carry such powerful anti-aircraft guns as the fleets of the other great Powers. In view of these deficiencies England plans to concentrate on aircraft construction and on battleships of the latest design. By strengthening the equipment on deck, naval designers can make vessels relatively secure against air attack, since bombs dropped from above carry less explosives than a large shell and travel much less rapidly. Given a few years of peace and preparation the British fleet can again become far and away the most powerful in the world.

IN SO FAR as any of this wasteful expenditure can be blamed on any single clique, the international bankers deserve greater opprobrium than the international munitions makers. Indeed, the connections between foreign policy and foreign loans go far toward accounting for the whole crazy drift of world affairs in recent years. Because British banks and investors hold 42 million pounds in long-term German credits and held 70 millions in short-term credits in 1931, the British Foreign Office has treated Hitler far more tolerantly than it has Mussolini, whose government owes only 2 million pounds to England. In like manner the 240 million pounds of British investments in China lie outside the 'sphere of influence' that Japan has claimed up to now; also the Japanese have raised some 38 million pounds in England since the war, bringing the total amount of Japanese loans held in London to some 80 million pounds.

But if the British Foreign Office has shown every consideration for Germany and Japan, it may presently be expected to treat France and the Soviet Union more kindly. For many of the same British bankers who were pouring money into Germany before 1931 have now arranged a loan of 40 million pounds to France. This credit will enable the French, in turn, to loan money to the Russians, who will thereupon turn round and spend the money purchasing the products of French industry. Yet when the Russians approached the British bankers with the same proposition they were turned down. Francis Williams, financial editor of the Laborite *Daily Herald*, draws this comparison with the events of 1931:—

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The position has a certain similarity to that which existed prior to the 1931 crisis.

At that time opposition in the City to substantial Russian credits was much stronger even than it is today. Instead British banks gaily lent money to Germany which Germany in turn re-lent to Russia at a higher interest rate.

And incidentally, while the British excuse for refusing to consider Russian credits at that time was that Russia could not be regarded as a sound borrower, it was not Russia which defaulted, but Germany.

I do not, of course, suggest that the similarity between the present situation and that prior to 1931 is complete. I do not think, for example, that there is any danger whatever of a French default on the credit just arranged, nor is Russia in such urgent need of foreign credits now as she was at that time.

Nevertheless, British industrialists and unemployed workers in British industries which would benefit substantially from the increased Russian orders which would be made possible by reasonable credits, will, I imagine, feel that if we are ready to lend money to France which will enable France to lend to Russia, we ought to consider whether there would not be much more sense in lending to Russia ourselves and ourselves getting the benefit of the orders she can place.

WITHOUT GOING SO FAR as to prophesy actual default by the French one can, in the light of subsequent events, detect a certain amount of wishful thinking in Mr. Williams's optimistic view of the financial integrity of France. Hitler's excursion into the Rhineland—announced as we go to press—can hardly add to the prestige or power of France; and that is not all. Premier Sarraut, who has the support of the Popular Front of Communists, Socialists, and Radicals, once proclaimed Communism as *the* enemy. His repression of that movement as former Governor General of Indo-China, and his inclusion of a textile magnate, Nicolle, and a reactionary Clerical, Thellier, in his Cabinet, make him suspect by the Left. Yet at the same time his support of the Franco-Soviet Pact has earned him the hostility of the extreme Nationalists. Here, for instance, is the way Raymond Recouly, the Mark Sullivan of France, writes of the Soviet alliance in the Conservative weekly, *Gringoire:*—

Soviet Russia has never ceased giving proof of its perfidy both where it saw profit in allying itself against us with Germany at Rapallo, insulting and vilifying the League of Nations as long as it did not belong to that body, and then praising the League as soon as it gained admittance, thanks to us, all the while never ceasing, even after signing an agreement with us, to fight us with all its forces, all its money, making propaganda for insurrection and civil war in France and our Colonies, subsidizing our domestic politics, setting up the United Front, preparing to play a part of the first importance in the coming elections, although they are the concern of Frenchmen only and not of Muscovites. That is the country to which people want the fate of France to be attached!

Mr. Recouly's prose style—not to mention the content of his thought—reflects the confused atmosphere of which Hitler tried to take full advantage.

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NOR ARE THE DIFFICULTIES of France confined to the domestic scene. Trouble has again broken out in Syria. Fired by the example of the Egyptian Nationalists, the Syrians and Druses have launched their third insurrection since their territory became a French mandate after the war. From 1919 to 1921 the Druses revolted against their new rulers so vigorously that they won a limited amount of autonomy, and in 1925–26 no less than 1,200 Druses were killed in the bombardment of Damascus by French guns. Today rebellion has again broken out, and the death list of natives is running into the hundreds.

The current disorders originated a year ago, when the French High Commissioner dissolved the Syrian parliament. On January 22, 1936, rioting broke out in Damascus, and demonstrations of students and workers followed in the other Syrian cities. Then came a general strike that stopped all electrical service in Damascus. The universities closed their doors and the Syrian parliament protested to the League of Nations and to the French government in Paris. Sympathetic strikes broke out in the neighboring British mandates of Palestine and Transjordania, and fifty members of the Parliament of Irak addressed a memorandum to the League of Nations laying the full blame on the French mandate authorities.

What is behind the disturbances? Primarily, economic depression; but it seems that the Third International also has taken a hand. Just as the British Intelligence Service fomented the Druse uprisings after the war in spite of the Anglo-French alliance, so today the Franco-Soviet Pact did not prevent the spokesmen for the Syrian Communists from telling the Comintern last summer: 'We have completely Arabized the Communist Party by working with the nationalist movement. We have solid positions in every layer of the Arab population and we have become the promoters of the Arab nationalist movement in Syria. We have established the united front against French imperialism.'

Opponents of the Franco-Soviet Pact vainly drew this statement to the attention of the French public.

OTTO STRASSER, whose brother, Gregor, followed Hitler from the earliest days of the Nazi movement only to fall victim to the June 30 purge, has become one of the most violent and best informed critics of the present régime. He edits from Prague a weekly paper called the *Deutsche Revolution*, and his contacts in the Nazi movement give him access to material that neither the Communist, Socialist, Jewish, Catholic nor Protestant opposition can discover. Strasser accuses Hitler of sabotaging the German revolution. He opposes anti-Semitism and war preparations, and, if his descriptions of conditions in Germany can be believed, they would account for Hitler's move into the Rhineland.

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For according to Strasser's sources of information the domestic situation grows increasingly desperate. During 1935 the price of gasoline rose 48 per cent, cattle, 37 per cent, tea, 20 per cent, and cheese, 17 per cent. Total food costs rose 7.1 per cent during the year. At the same time earnings have fallen approximately 10 per cent all along the line, both in private industry and in government and municipal jobs such as schools and hospitals. Not only have earnings declined since Hitler came into power; they have declined from an abnormally low level; for by the end of 1932 German wage rates had dropped 23.9 per cent below 1929 levels. No wonder Adolf Wagner, Minister of the Interior for Bavaria, recently told the Nazi authorities: 'Innumerable German workers are suffering hunger in order that the Reich may continue.' Finally, Strasser's paper asserts that the Reichswehr has turned against the Hitler system:—

> The neutrality of the Reichswehr is a thing of the past. The officers have recognized that they owe a responsibility to the nation in the present state of affairs, a responsibility that extends beyond the purely military field. They are beginning to ask themselves how long they can tolerate the disastrous effects of this system on the state and the nation.

SIR ARNOLD WILSON, Conservative member of Parliament, has visited Italy and interviewed Mussolini for the London *Observer*, which has constantly opposed sanctions and has argued the justice of the Italian cause. He returns with a sorrowful message to his fellow countrymen:—

> We shall not recover this market; repeated strikes and threats of strikes, and now 'sanctions,' have taught Italians a lesson; German and Austrian goods are replacing British goods and the public and shopkeepers alike vow that the change is permanent. The labels on British goods are being removed; stocks will not be renewed. They do not feel so strongly about France.

Mussolini blamed Great Britain for prolonging the conflict and assured Sir Arnold that he harbored no designs against any British interest in Africa. He then asked Sir Arnold these embarrassing questions:—

> 'Have your activities for the last three hundred years been criminal adventures in your eyes? Are not we Italians, by imitating you, paying you the highest compliment? Was Cecil Rhodes a criminal? Was Gordon's mission to the Sudan a delusion?
>
> 'Is there anything immoral in enabling a great race to expand its borders and, in so doing, to free millions from the foulest servitude ever imposed by man on man? To the inhabitants of the non-Amharic areas, and to the Italian troops, this is a war of liberation; a war against misery and slavery.'

Then came these reproachful words:—

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'We have relied, more than most countries, on the normal avenues of international trade: these, once choked, cannot quickly be opened. Public opinion has been aroused. We shall not soon forget the language used by your statesmen. You have turned a colonial war into what may yet be a world-wide disaster. Where is the Stresa front now? We cannot forget the blood and treasure we poured out in the Great War, nor put away from us the remembrance of 670,000 dead. Have you so soon forgotten?'

Sir Arnold Wilson and a handful of Tories have not forgotten the importance of teaming up with Mussolini; but the mass of the British people take, for better or worse, a different view.

THE RECRUDESCENCE of Russian nationalism in the Soviet Union and the Communists' brief relaxation of class war on the world front reflect the Kremlin's fears of a new world war. Up to now foreign Communists visiting the 'fatherland of the proletariat' have been made members of the Russian Communist Party when they arrived on Soviet soil. Not only is this practice to be discontinued; henceforth all such members of the Russian Party must surrender their cards. Then, shortly after Bukharin, editor of the Moscow *Izvestia*, was relieved of his post because he recalled how Lenin opposed the nationalism of the Great Russians under the Tsar, Nikolaus Basseches, Moscow correspondent of the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, reported:—

'The meeting of the all-Russian Central Executive Committee, following the lead of the Russian Federated Republic, furthered the historic task of the Great Russians in the Revolution and in building the Socialist state, and declared that it was false and contrary to the teachings of Lenin to paint the history of Great Russia exclusively in dark colors.'

At the same time, A. T. Cholerton, Moscow correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*, drew attention to the Soviet military preparations. He estimated at six millions the number of men who have had two years of military training, and expressed his confidence in the ability of the Soviet armed forces to defend themselves against all comers. But in spite of a military budget twice as large as that of 1935 he did not believe that the Soviet army could or would fight outside its own territories. Here is the way he summed up the future as the men in the Kremlin see it:—

Within three years Red Russia expects to have to fight Germany, and, still believing that England and France will also be fighting Germany in the same war, she expects to be victorious.

After that Moscow foresees an epoch of disorder in Europe something like the Thirty Years War, a breakdown of national government in Central Europe perhaps extending to France, reaction against revolution, with anybody fighting anybody, and the British and Soviet systems probably alone surviving the first round or two.

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A French general writes of Germany's auto highways; an Englishman describes the organization of her secret police.

The Land beyond the RHINE

I. Hitler's Motor Highways

By General Serrigny

Translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Paris Conservative Bi-Monthly

EUROPE seems to be coming out of a long dream and to be realizing at last the stage which science has reached since 1918, both on land and in the air. The days of war horses have gone the way of those carriages our mothers were so fond of. Today war supplies, the mobilization of factories, and the speeding-up of air armament, are all coming rapidly to the fore. In Germany concrete is coming to be king. Our neighbors have in fact undertaken a vast program, of whose import the public officials of France seem to be unaware. While we are congratulating ourselves, and with justice, on possessing the world's most beautiful tourist system, and while we are striving to improve the details of it, the Germans are forging a formidable instrument of war—a system of automobile highways.

Shall we wake up in time to the menace which hangs over our heads, and shall we know how to parry it? Let us recall our memories of 1914. At that time mobilization was based on an intensive use of the railways. Toward 1900 people used to repeat readily the statement that the power of the rail is unlimited. Like all proverbs this one was only partly true. But whatever the case, it was generally expected that when the time came, men, horses, wagons and material would be transported by railroad to the threshold of the mobilization zone. Only the last kilometers would be covered by road, which was looked upon simply as a complement of the railroad, that supreme factor of strategic maneuvers.

The mobilization of 1914 was accomplished in an impeccable fashion. It proceeded like clock work, without a single hitch. The officers of the fourth bureau of the military staff of the army, who had prepared it, could con-

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gratulate themselves as well as the railroad companies, for the result obtained was their common work. After our defeat of 1870, some one had had the happy idea of creating a higher military commission for the railroads, over which, beginning in 1886, the Chief of the General Staff presided, and which included in its number the directors of the big railroad companies and the military technicians. Every year this commission used to study the changes which it would be necessary to make in the system to adapt it to the needs of the current plan of mobilization. They used to work together to find the necessary formulas for its realization, and finally by these frequent contacts to create a unity of mind which was destined to assert itself in the critical hours of the war.

Once mobilization was completed the rôle of the railroad, in so far as it was an instrument of war, actually increased. Our generation still recalls the emotions with which, after the victory of the Marne, it followed the race to the sea, that contest in speed in which the belligerents engaged in order to stretch a line of trenches between Switzerland and the Atlantic Ocean. La Manche was destined to be dominated by one or the other of the belligerents according to the point on the coast where they could hook the last link of their chain. Direct communications between France and England constituted, in short, the stakes of the game. This game our railroads once more won, and under particularly difficult conditions. The Germans had, in fact, the advantage of being able to work out their transportation problem inside a circle, while we were obliged to work on the outside of it. For us the distances were greater and the routes unfamiliar. Nevertheless we succeeded in saving Calais, and this feat alone gives the Nord Railroad a legitimate claim to glory.

The War continues, the years pass; the use of automobile trucks increases; but the railroads remain no less the principal instrument of maneuvers. Light arms continue to be easy to load; the roads are narrow and short and the effectiveness of trucks is limited. Thus when, in 1917, General Petain assumes the rôle of commander-in-chief, his first act is to order me to draw up instructions to the major-general enjoining him to lay out behind the front, and without delay, two successive lines of railroads which, in conjunction with the roads that ran at right angles to them, would permit the maneuvering of large masses of men. This equipment was rapidly constructed. It played a major rôle at the time of the 1918 offensives in assuring rapid concentration at points far removed from one another. Thanks to it the front was broken and victory assured. In the past the railroad has merited well of the fatherland.

But such a statement ought not to freeze us in an immutable formula. It is our duty to take account of the progress that has been made, and we are obliged to state that since 1918 there has been a great change both in the internal structure of armies and in the means of commercial transportation. The army of 1914 was founded on horses. As soon as it had detrained, its speed was reduced to a few kilometers an hour. Furthermore, nothing could have been simpler than its embarkation and debarkation; at that time material was relatively light, only a few large pieces of artillery constituting an exception to the rule.

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Today the automobile is king. The army includes a large number of armored cars, of which many are very large. Loading them on railroad cars requires many hours of hard work, while these mastodons travel on the roads at speeds higher than those of the mobilization trains, so long as they do not encounter any obstructions. As an example, and to fix in our minds the new conditions of the problem, let us say simply that a mechanized division, with all its elements, men, arms, ammunition and the engines of all sorts which are needed for fighting and for bringing up supplies, requires a stretch of 180 kilometers of highway.

II

Paralleling this mechanical transformation of the army, and even more rapidly than it (for the army has really only followed the movement, and has not led it), in all countries the transportation of persons by road has been developed, as has that of material. It is useless to dwell upon this fact, which is itself the evidence. Nowhere, however, has this movement been so marked as in Germany since the day when that power decided to rearm. Three years ago trucks of more than eight tons capacity did not exist. Today you can see trucks of fifteen tons on the German roads, provided with trailers with six wheels; and, according to information which I believe to be exact, within two years (that is to say, when the construction of the system of automobile highways, of which more anon, is sufficiently well advanced) we shall see trucks with fifty ton trailers. At the same time one should note that the manufacturers are receiving orders for motors of 300 or even 400 horsepower for trucks to anticipate this development. Finally let us note a characteristic figure of the strengthening of the army of industrial vehicles beyond the Rhine: the sales of heavy vehicles increased from 15,000 to 40,000 between 1931 and 1934, while in France they dropped considerably.

For what reasons have our neighbors thrown themselves into the construction of such powerful equipment? Is it to provide their factories with work? Evidently not, for the building of vehicles of lighter tonnage would have solved the problem fully as well. Is it to satisfy their love for the colossal? In part perhaps, for Germany has always liked to astonish the world. Is it for peace or for war? We shall shortly see.

In any case equipment like this cannot make use of ordinary roads. In France the Government has limited the weight and capacity of vehicles because automobilists complained about the way they blocked the roads; no one has asked if the problem was not wrongly put, and if from examination of the facts one ought not rather to conclude that our roads are too narrow. That in any case is the reasoning of the Germans. Thus to enable the enormous vehicles whose construction he envisaged to travel freely, Hitler has not hesitated to resolve upon the construction of a system of automobile highways requiring the expenditure of 20 billions of francs. These new roads will provide two lanes, each from seven and one-half to twelve meters wide, one for outgoing traffic and one for incoming. They are separated by a space four meters wide and planted with hedges to stop the glare of headlights. Drivers traveling on one of the lanes

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are never dazzled by the cars on the other. These highways have bridges where the thickness of the concrete is sometimes as much as sixty centimeters. They have no raised approaches, no grade crossings; they do not go through a single town. Only the former imperial routes and the approaches to large communities join them, and these by means of ramps which lead the vehicle on to the auto highway parallel to the direction of the traffic and without disturbing it in the slightest. The men employed on the construction of the automobile highways numbered 38,600 on the first of July, 1934, and had increased to 71,234 by November of the same year. At present they are estimated at 150,000.

By the spring of 1936, 600 kilometers will be open to traffic and 1,160 will be finished before the end of the year. For the following years they are planning to continue the work at the rate of 1,000 to 1,500 kilometers a year. The complete program (7,200 kilometers) will thus be completed in five or six years. Is it solely to give the unemployed work? Is it for peace or for war that our neighbors, who are in open financial difficulties but also, let us not forget, openly engaged in rebuilding their army, are throwing themselves into such a gigantic undertaking? The plan for laying down German automobile highways is going to force us to answer. What can we say for certain?

1. That, first of all, there is a large concrete highway parallel to the Franco-Belgian border, comparable to those railroads which we built behind the lines in 1917. This great concrete highway (Düsseldorf—Mainz—Frankfurt—Speyer—Stuttgart—Munich) extends four antennae toward the frontier: Cologne—Aix-la-Chapelle; Mainz—Saarbrücken; Speyer—Saarbrücken; Speyer—Basel.

2. That another concrete highway of the same sort (Stettin—Berlin—Frankfurt-an-der-Oder—Breslau—Gleiwitz) runs to the Polish frontier, with an antenna to Danzig and East Prussia.

3. That internal communications between these highways, useful at the start for mobilization purposes, are designed to permit the transportation of necessary forces between the eastern and western frontiers, as the operations demand, as well as communications with the Baltic. They include two great lines: 1. Berlin—Hanover, with three branches from the Baltic toward Lübeck, Essen and Frankfurt-am-Main. 2. Breslau—Leipzig, with two branches, the one to Frankfurt-am-Main, and the other to Nuremberg and Munich. Finally they are planning to construct around Berlin a belt of the same sort 180 kilometers long, to keep traffic out of the capital.

Think of the power of such a transportation system! On these routes of the future, and indeed of the present, trucks, each carrying thirty men and traveling two abreast at a constant speed of sixty kilometers an hour and spaced fifteen meters apart, would make it possible to transport 72,000 men an hour, assuming that half of the trucks are used for material. No more slow embarkations nor tedious stops in railway stations; not even 'bottle necks' are to be feared. For each highway is large enough to permit three vehicles to travel on it side by side, and to pass without difficulty any vehicle which has broken down. The mechanized weapons of the army can be

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shifted from the right wing to the left, from one theatre of operations to another with a speed unheard of before. The speed of maneuvers can be increased tenfold without increasing in proportion the difficulties of supply; on the contrary, the Hitler Government estimates that the use of the highways, thanks to the perfection of their plan, to the quality of their pavement, and to the uniformity of the speed that one can make on them, should in time of war permit a saving of 30 per cent on gasoline, of 40 per cent on tires, and of 25 per cent on repairs.

III

Alongside the reorganization of its army the Hitler Government has now been pursuing for three years a renovation of its transports, founded at once on the construction of rolling stock of vast capacity, and on laying down, at great cost, a system of communications. For this reason, in case of hostilities the railroad will probably be reserved for supply purposes, and to provide what commercial transportation is necessary to maintain the nation and keep the factories running. As for the old system of routes, it will be confined to an auxiliary rôle, forwarding toward the auto highways vehicles loaded at the mustering places and then distributing them when they leave the highways, according to the demands of the military operations.

These new ideas have scarcely penetrated in France, and they are only in a germinal state here now. In our country, so permeated with general ideas, we have apparently for some time been hesitating (for fear, perhaps, of the conclusions to be drawn from it) to duplicate the developments across the border. In any case, our policy has not been influenced; it has actually been strengthened in the opposite direction of that of the lessons from beyond the Rhine.

In our budget for 1936, the credits granted for highways have been reduced to 233 million francs, while those for railroads have been increased to 145 million francs. Last year the Minister of War placed a part of his appropriation at the disposal of the Office of Public Works for the purpose of improving the suburbs of Paris! All our activity is directed toward improving our old system of highways. They are, to be sure, planning to construct sooner or later a large commercial highway from Paris to Lyon and a road from Calais to Basel of the same sort, of which a few kilometers should be finished this year. No plan for automobile highways has been set up or even envisaged.

Furthermore the auto highway is of no interest except as it makes possible the use of adequate vehicles. A larger highway and heavier vehicles—such is the German scheme. Ours consists, on the other hand, of adapting the size of our trucks to the present capacity of our roads. A recent decree law has just reduced their width from two and one-half to two and one-third meters, while Germany was taking the very opposite measures. At the same time we limited our trucks to fifteen tons, so that their useful load could not pass eight tons. This was a very injudicious measure, even from the point of view of the coördination of rail and road which is recommended, since this load is less than that of our freight cars. Finally, to cover the railroad deficit we have imposed a surtax on those who use the roads, whether for com-

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mercial or for private purposes. The result of this policy may be seen in the following figures.

Our production of trucks, of which our national defense is in such great need, continued to decline, going in the last five years from 52,000 to 18,000 vehicles, while in all the other countries it has been increasing. We find ourselves, then, faced with two opposing theories: a wholly new one—our neighbors'—and a classical and conservative one—our own, founded on the idea of coöperation between railroad and highway systems improved according to the interests of peace times.

But how can we reconcile this last with the new organization of the army? Have we given thought to the time which will be consumed in loading and unloading the new motorized engines of war? Have we visualized on our roads a modern division passing the most modest of convoys? Can we envisage without shuddering the passing of two columns of automobile trucks, even small ones? How will it be possible to move certain kinds of artillery whose weight sometimes exceeds 26,000 tons and whose turning requires 14 meters? What blocking of traffic would the least narrowing of the route cause us, as, for instance, when passing through a village, a city, or a grade crossing? We know, alas, how numerous these last still are in our Eastern region, despite the public works programs undertaken to do away with them.

IV

A change of method is necessary, then. One always has the right to wonder just how it can be reconciled with keeping the budget in balance. This is a point with which the Hitler Government scarcely concerns itself, but which with us still preserves, and rightly, all its value. Now whatever may be the future intentions of Germany, one has every reason to fear that she will employ her system of roads at a given moment for offensive purposes. Are we going to abet this policy by linking ours to it on the pretext of assisting commercial relations between the two countries? Evidently not. Since we are determined to await the enemy behind our fortifications, our auto highways ought not to pass that zone; and there is the first economy we can make. We can also content ourselves with organizing the north and northeast fronts, neglecting that of the Alps, which does not, at the moment, present more than a secondary interest. But it is necessary for our armies to be capable of moving rapidly in all directions between Calais and Basel. A great highway behind the fortified zone, doubled with an auxiliary highway on the front between Le Havre, Paris and Dijon, with three or four antennae connecting them, would be sufficient. Besides, they could be easily adapted to commercial purposes in time of peace.

The total expense to envisage would be of the order of five or six billions. This is obviously a considerable sum. It would, however, increase gradually, and would be in part recovered via the unemployment funds. For no kind of work requires so much hand labor. About 75,000 unemployed men would find work on it. Finally one can hope that the establishing of an intimate contact between the workers on the road and the public officials analogous to that which the General Staff created

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with the directors of the railway companies, and which had such fruitful results, would make it possible to find a solution for this distressing problem, a solution which does not, at first sight, emerge.

But such a question exceeds the limits of this study, which has no other purpose than to throw light on the new set-up beyond the Rhine. To measure its dangers, to face it—that is the rôle of the public officials. In the final analysis the question rests with the Supreme Council of National Defense.

II. Hitler's Secret Police

By A Special Correspondent

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

THERE is a widespread belief that the terror in Germany is no more than incidental to the National Socialist dictatorship. This belief is entirely erroneous, for the terror is an integral part of the system. The terror is coming to be exercised more and more exclusively by the Secret State Police, commonly known as the 'Gestapo' (an abbreviation of *Geheime Staatspolizei*) or the 'Gestapa' (an abbreviation of *Geheimes Staatspolizeiamt*).

According to a law newly enacted, the head of the Gestapo is the Prussian Premier, General Göring, who is also Speaker in the Reichstag and Minister of Aviation. The General decides upon the special tasks of the Gestapo in consultation with the Minister of the Interior, Dr. Frick. The actual Chief of Police is Himmler, a former schoolmaster, a man of great charm, an able organizer, and completely ruthless. Even a year ago the methods of the Gestapo were amateurish. But during the past year the organization has become more proficient. It is now one of the most efficient instruments of tyrannical power in the world.

It is directed by a Central Board (*Zentralstelle*) in Berlin. This board is made up of Himmler's own office and of the following principal departments (*Hauptabteilungen*):—

1. Principal department for the supervision of transport and communications on land and water. This includes spying on employees and workmen on the railways, tramways, and so on.
2. Principal department for the supervision of the illegal activities of Communists and Social Democrats.
3. Principal department for the supervision and control of all persons and organizations that do not belong to the National Socialist party, especially of persons who belong to the former Center, Nationalist, People's, and Democratic parties.
4. Principal department for the supervision of the National Socialist party, of all affiliated organizations, and of all clubs and associations that have had to accept the *Gleichschaltung* (absorption by National Socialist bodies). This department also sees to the protection of leading persons in the State and in the National Socialist party.
5. Principal department for defense against economic, industrial and military espionage.

These departments have their 'Federal Boards' (*Landesstellen*) in each of the Federal States.

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The following sub-departments (*Unterabteilungen*) are independent of the Federal Boards, and are affiliated to the Central Board:—

1. Sub-department for the supervision of émigrés.
2. Sub-department for the supervision of aliens and '*Staatenlose*.'
3. Sub-department for the control of letters, telegrams, telephone calls that pass between Germany and the outside world. (Letters and telegrams are liable to be opened and telephone calls to be overheard in Germany without an order from a judge or a magistrate.)
4. Sub-department for the supervision of political suspects.
5. Sub-department for the supervision of political opponents in the Federal police.

This last department exists because the dictatorship is not sure of the ordinary police, who, in the days of the Republic, contained numbers of Social Democrats as well as members of the Center and Nationalist parties. The special task of the department is to be informed by means of spies and *agents-provocateurs* about any disaffection that may exist among the police forces of the Federal States.

II

A further special department is the *Beobachtungsabteilung* (observation department), which, attached to the Central Board, is subdivided into the following departments:—

1. General department for public security.
2. Department for the supervision of the S.A. (Brownshirts).
3. Department for the supervision of the big factories and industrial centers.

The general department (No. 1) has a special importance. It exercises a close vigilance over the entire population of Germany through the millions of members of the National Socialist party. It is the duty of every member to report any signs of disaffection to his superiors. This duty is often ignored, but National Socialists who take it seriously are numerous enough to form a close network of spies all over Germany.

The most important of these spies are the *Blockwarte*, the counterpart of the 'house commandants' in Russia. Each one is held responsible for whatever happens in the block of flats or in the row of houses entrusted to his supervision. He is expected to know the political opinions of every inmate. The general department also includes the 'Intelligence' (*Nachrichtenabteilung*) of the S.S. (Blackshirts), which exercise a special supervision over the National Socialist party.

In touch with the Gestapo is the Air Defense League (*Reichsluftschutzbund*), to which everybody in urban Germany has to belong. It exists not only for defense against air-raids but also for controlling the opinions and activities of the population. The *Luftschutzblockwarte* supplement the work of the ordinary *Blockwarte*, and the musters, drills, cellar and house inspections, and so on, that are ostensibly carried out for the sake of discipline and safety in case of air-raids provide unlimited opportunities for spying and eavesdropping.

The department for the supervision of the S.A. (No. 2) is intended to detect the disaffection that has existed in the S.A. ever since the disillusionment of the first year of the dictatorship, and more especially since June 30,

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1934, when so many of the S.A. leaders were executed.

The department for the supervision of factories (No. 3) has a very large staff of officials and agents. These agents, often workmen themselves, mix with employees and workmen. Many of them are members of the Shop Councils (*Vertrauensräte*), and often talk in hostile terms of the dictatorship, thus acting as decoys. Many of them have begun 'illegal' or 'underground' movements, pretending to be Communists or Socialists, and they circulate illegal literature, so as to detect all who are willing to join such movements.

This department is also concerned with the prevention of sabotage as well as with industrial counter-espionage.

A special force attached to the Gestapo is the *Feldjägerei*, a kind of gendarmery, which was organized by General Göring. Its members are chiefly of the gangster type. It is used for raids, for wholesale arrests, and for actions that may have a dangerous character.

There are several so-called Special Commandos (*Kommandos zur besonderen Verwendung*). Some of them consist of only a few men. They take part in all kinds of political actions and exist inside various other organizations, including Government departments. Some of these Commandos exist even outside Germany. One of them was drafted to Wuppertal, where it conducted part of the inquiry in preparation for the Wuppertal trial which was described in the *Manchester Guardian* on February 5.

The Gestapo keeps a large number of women who act as spies and propagandists. They are to be found in cafés and night clubs as well as at balls and banquets attended by foreign diplomats.

A vast amount of political information collected by the Gestapo accumulates in Hitler's private office (*Privatkanzlei*), which is directed by an old associate of his named Bouhler.

Affiliated with the *Zentralstelle* of the Gestapo, but not under its control, is the bureau of the Chief Party Magistrate (*Oberster Parteirichter*), which is directed by Major Buch. This bureau can strike at the most influential persons. Major Buch took a leading part in the executions of June 30, 1934. The bureau of the leader of the National Socialist party, Hess, also has a special department called a Liaison Staff (*Verbindungsstab*) for the special control of the party bureaucracy and of the delegations which the party sends to foreign countries from time to time.

The Gestapo also has agents in London, Paris, Prague, Vienna and other capitals. These agents are largely resident members of the National Socialist party (every member of that party is a potential spy) and nondescript persons, many of them women.

A good deal of spying done by German agents outside Germany is amateurish, but some of it has become very efficient. The Gestapo keeps a dossier of every notable person in London and elsewhere who is regarded as hostile to the National Socialist dictatorship. The information in the dossier is as a rule surprisingly accurate, detailed, and up-to-date.

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Here are psychologists' explanations of wars and constitutional monarchies.

Carnages and Kings

I. Paranoia and War

By Roger Money-Kyrle

From *Life and Letters Today*, English Literary Quarterly.

THERE is a certain biological incompatability between aggressiveness and gregariousness; for aggressive animals are seldom able to coöperate in groups. Yet evolution favors both characters and has succeeded in combining them in man. Among the extinct races of the world, some may have been less aggressive and others less gregarious (e.g., perhaps Homo Neanderthalensis) than ourselves. If so, they were stamped out by our own ancestors' unique capacity to cooperate for war.

But the military virtues, which possessed such great survival-value in the earlier history of our species, seem largely to have lost their function and to have become a menace rather than an instrument of progress. An excessive increase in population can be checked by other means than war, and biological improvement can be secured more efficiently by eugenic propagation than by the group-battles of the past. Moreover not only have our lethal weapons become incomparably more destructive but our culture has become more complex and therefore vulnerable. Thus, if we continue to exercise our capacity for group-aggressiveness, our civilization may very easily collapse.

If, as the utilitarians maintained, man were really a rational egoist intelligently pursuing his self-interest, an era of peace and prosperity would almost certainly emerge. For he would recognize that neither wars nor revolutions paid (only a very small section of the population rationally expect to benefit by them), and substitute a spirit of compromise for the unyielding group-enmities that have become disastrous for those who win as well as for those who lose. This spirit—whether due to enlightened self-interest, or humanitarian sentiment, or a mixture of the two—is, in fact, the ideal of the Liberal movement in the widest sense of the word. It has sought to avoid civil or international upheavals by concessions between classes or nations. It has raised the standard

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of living of the masses, done something to establish ethnological boundaries between nations, and inspired the ideal of self-determination. But although Liberalism was fashionable for a while, becoming almost everywhere at least the official creed, it was never whole-heartedly accepted by the world at large. Now its existence is precarious even in this country, and in many places it is already dead. Not only have parties to impending conflicts failed to make concessions to prevent them; the concessions that have been made have not decreased the danger as much as might have been expected. Thus sickened by the negative results of what seems to them a futile and dangerous sentimentality, political parties are everywhere competing for dictatorship and nations for a preponderance in arms. Wars and revolutions remain a standing menace and periodically recur, in spite of abundant proof that neither of them pays. The utilitarians, therefore, were wrong. Man, collectively considered, is not a rational egoist intelligently pursuing his self-interest; he is much more like the homicidal maniac who uses his intelligence to justify (or rationalize) a periodic lust for blood.

This conclusion, to which the impartial sociologist must come, is confirmed by psychoanalytical research. The modern pathologist has discovered elements in our species that preclude him from describing us as rational or indeed as wholly sane. The isolated individual may seem reasonable enough, but his latent madness is periodically manifest in his behavior as a member of a group; for the human group is liable to the eruption of characters exactly paralleled by the symptoms of the paranoiac. The typical paranoiac suffers from delusions of persecution and may become homicidal if he is not restrained. He imagines he has been injured or threatened where no injuries or threats exist; he imagines false causes for the injuries he has actually sustained, imputing to the deliberate malevolence of others what is due to accident or to his own neglect. He therefore feels quite justified in hating his supposed enemies in return, in conspiring against them and in taking the offensive measures he believes necessary to his self-defense. He behaves, in fact, exactly like an aggressive and uncompromising nation, ever jealous of its prestige and ready to declare war on the slightest provocation, or a political party, over-sensitive to the real or imagined grievances of its members and always dreaming of a revolution to secure its ends.

The basic mechanism of paranoia is 'projection:' the malevolence, which the sufferer sees in others, is really in himself, but he disowns it and imputes it to someone else instead. In the same way, even the best of us sometimes impute to others the emotions we repress. The old view that we are all born normal (with, at most, the germs of future troubles) and that some of us become insane has been reversed. To the modern psychologist, we are all born mad and some of us grow sane. Thus 'protoparanoia,' like the original forms of other insanities, is normal in the child. In the early period, he can tolerate no disappointment; frustration tends to make him as savage as a hungry wolf. But his hate is incompatible with his need for love, so that he disowns and 'projects' it, and develops a phobia of some ani-

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mal instead. Few, if any children, entirely escape phobias of this kind. At some period or other in their lives, which may be long or short, they are terrified of being left alone; they feel, however much their reason may reassure them, the presence of the tiger under the bed. The existence of a paranoiac phobia of some sort is guaranteed by their necessity to project their own aggressiveness.

In the process of outgrowing his phobia the child tends to identify himself with the animal he is afraid of. He tries to master his anxiety by developing a fresh aggressiveness to deal with the aggressiveness he has projected. I remember a child of two who refused absolutely to go near a certain tree-stump on the ground that it was, or at least contained, a lion. But in a few days he began to pretend that he was himself a lion and, after a little practice in this new rôle, acquired sufficient courage to growl at the lion in the tree stump and finally to attack it outright. The adult paranoiac never outgrows, or regresses to, this mental level. He first disowns and projects the lion (i.e., the homicidal tendencies) within himself and then feels justified in reabsorbing it in order to deal with an imagined danger in the external world.

II

The savage preserves the insanities of childhood in simple and easily recognizable forms. He is perpetually haunted by devils in animal or human shape and he pretends to be a devil in order to chase them from his camp. The mechanism is the same, and the psychological anthropologist has no difficulty in recognizing in the devils the personification of the savage's own repressed desires; they are lecherous and cannibalistic and form a repository for all that might otherwise disrupt the group. Moreover, the savage is often suspicious and hostile towards strangers, whom he tends to identify with devils, and this attitude, rather than economic necessity, would appear to be responsible for his tribal feuds.

The paranoiac relics in the civilized individual are less easy to detect; but the difference between us and the savage is not so flattering as we suppose. Our thought appears more rational, but this is sometimes only because we have taken more trouble to cover up our tracks; we rationalize our actions, inventing motives we approve whenever they are really determined by motives we disown. We have discarded the theory that justice should be retributive. But most of us secretly rejoice in the punishment of criminals—especially those who commit robbery with violence, or who are cruel to children or dogs—and would be rather disappointed if they were painlessly reformed instead; for the criminal is a convenient object on to whom to project our own sadism, which we then feel justified in readopting as our attitude towards him. We have ceased to believe in and to hate the devil or to burn his supposed allies, but most of us have our pet aversion and are at least less tolerant and sympathetic towards others than we should be if we never projected upon them the defects that in ourselves we most dislike.

The civilized individual, so long as he remains an individual, would nevertheless pass muster as kindly and comparatively sane. But he carries within him all the brutality of the

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jungle, which he must continually repress. Many people—among them often those whose external behavior is most mild—are dimly conscious of the struggle, of the unrelaxed effort to keep themselves in hand. To these a threat of war may come as a positive relief. At least they have an outlet for their unconscious hate. They project upon the enemy their repressed aggression and in a typically paranoiac manner attribute to him every evil that is normally latent in themselves. Then they can feel justified in admitting their own aggressiveness as necessary to self-defense. Soon others contract the same disease, for of all emotions suspicion and hatred are perhaps the most contagious; there is little check upon the delusion when it is widely held. Thus a war-fever may spread like wildfire through a whole nation and deprive it of all capacity to judge the issues on their merits.

During the early stages of a war, the whole people seem possessed by an extraordinary elation. It is not only that they have an outlet for their archaic aggressiveness; there is also a freer outlet for their love. Within the group, all discord seems to disappear; it has been diverted to the enemy and has made room for a spirit of comradeship and mutual loyalty which is sometimes almost ecstatic. War brings out what civilized people regard as good as well as what is bad. But the individual's sense of loyalty to the group usurps the functions of his conscience and justifies acts that he would condemn as criminal if he were alone.

Thus man is an aggressive animal with a slightly paranoiac strain; and since even his loyalties are partly founded upon a common hate, human society tends to split into mutually antagonistic groups. The antagonism starts on pure suspicion or, if there is a real cause, its importance is enormously exaggerated. But suspicion soon breeds offensive actions to wipe off imaginary insults, or because of a supposed necessity for self-defense. What was originally a delusional cause of conflict tends to become real.

We are all familiar with those vertical and horizontal cleavages in society that give rise to antagonisms between nations or classes and end in war or revolution. But even where the group enmities have a less tragic outcome they can be extremely inimical to progress. So long as the attitude of paranoiac suspicion, with which nations or classes regard each other, continues to cloud debate, no question can be considered solely on its merits. With the technical knowledge now at our disposal we ought to attain a standard of prosperity far in excess of the dreams of earlier utopists; but the gap between the potential and the actual remains immense. The economic problem of distribution may be difficult. It may not be easy to devise a currency system by which incomes will be always sufficient to purchase everything that can and should be made, nor to adjust markets between nations to their mutual benefit. But if such questions could be freed from national or party bias far more progress would certainly be made.

Moreover, we owe to the paranoiac strain in our nature a certain emotional stupidity which makes us overlook the natural and often avoidable cause of our misfortunes. To the primitive man, the lightning is the thunderbolt of Jove and the earthquake the uneasy stirrings of some Titan; no calamity occurs but by the

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act of some will, either human or satanic. Since, therefore, he attributes the drought to the anger of the rain spirit, instead of damming up his rivers he sacrifices a taboo breaker or an incarnation of his god. His so-called cultured descendant may know that the winds, the sea, and the earth behave in accordance with the equations of physics; but he still nearly always attributes his social misfortunes to the malevolence of others. In this he is, of course, often to some extent correct. But the paranoiac strain within him biases his judgment. He therefore tends to neglect such material factors as the currency system and concentrates his spleen on a human enemy, who in all probability is suffering, with the same stupidity, from the same trouble as himself.

III

To be fair to man we must admit that his vices are to some extent a by-product of his virtues. If the child had no need of love he would not disown his hate towards his family, which thwarts as well as cares for him, and project it upon fictitious lions and wolves. If the savage had no need for companionship with the larger family of his tribe, he would murder his fellows upon the least provocation instead of projecting his aggressiveness upon devils and strangers. And if all adult Europeans were wholly misanthropic, they would never coöperate for war.

Man's paranoiac disposition may even be explained on Darwinian lines. In order to survive the struggle for existence, it was necessary for him to be both gregarious and aggressive. Without his paranoiac capacity for projection, these incompatible characteristics could hardly have been combined so well. Thus what to a logician must be judged as a rational defect was in no small measure responsible for the preëminence of man among the animals and perhaps also for that of the white races among men. But evolution failed to bless the human group with a superb capacity to fight without at the same time cursing it with an inner necessity to do so even when there is nothing to be gained. Other species have owed their rise to characters that, under changed conditions, have brought about their fall. Natural selection operates with conditions as they are; it has no prevision and cannot be blamed if its past favors now impede our further rise.

Having diagnosed, if only superficially, some of the psychological impediments to the emergence of the Golden Age, it is natural to consider whether there are any therapeutic measures to recommend. Is the burden of our repressed aggressiveness too great for us permanently to bear, and are we doomed from time to time to lose our individuality in paranoiac groups in order to find an explosive outlet for our hate in war? Or can the aggressiveness be diverted into more useful channels? Can it be prevented, or cured?

To Freud, if I interpret him correctly, human aggressiveness is inevitable; if its external manifestations are repressed it only turns inwards and gives rise to the suicidal impulses of depression. But the external manifestations are not necessarily homicidal. Savages hate devils as well as strangers, and if the revival of a medieval credulity were possible, man-

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kind might yet be united in a common detestation of the Powers of Darkness. Even in our present irreligious age, animistic conceptions still influence our feelings and, where they do not impede our thoughts as well, may form the basis of useful sublimations; thus scientists and engineers find in their contest with nature a Promethean outlet for their repressed aggressiveness. Possibly, as Professor Flugel has suggested, this outlet will become more general with the growth of education, until mankind is united in a common effort to master this diabolic world, which seems so ruthlessly indifferent to the sorrows it inflicts. But if aggressiveness is indestructible, it is likely to be long before humanity finds in the mere inanimate a sufficient object for its hate.

Some of Freud's disciples are more optimistic. To them aggression is not so much an autonomous impulse as a reaction to frustration, so that it could be, at least theoretically, reduced. At first sight this view is encouraging to those who believe that strife can be prevented by domestic or international concessions. Nevertheless the results of a merely benevolent legislation or diplomacy are disappointing. Hardly is the tension eased at one point than it reappears elsewhere. At best the danger is postponed rather than abolished. Similarly in the individual paranoiac if one set of suspicions is allayed by mere reassurance, another set soon develops in its place.

The psychoanalytic explanation of the partial failure of liberal concessions is that they only remove the conscious causes of group-aggressiveness, leaving the unconscious ones untouched. The conscious causes, such as, in the domestic sphere, inequalities of wealth and, in the international sphere, the existence of alienated populations, derive a great part of their psychological importance from unconscious associations with infantile frustrations that have been forgotten. So long, therefore, as the aggressiveness resulting from these remains, it will augment the irritation evoked by any conscious cause and tend to find new rationalized outlets whenever the old ones are removed. Thus groups are apt to behave like cantankerous children who are never satisfied with what they ask for, because these things are only symbols of the objects of an unconscious wish.

If the aggressiveness of nations is partly determined by the frustrations of the nursery, it would seem worth while for pacifists to devote some of their efforts to decreasing educational restraints. But the traumatic frustrations of infancy cannot be avoided altogether. The fury of the baby in his tantrums is alternately projected and introjected, growing stronger at each rotation of the vicious circle, until he has peopled his world with, or become possessed of, devils which may plague him all his life—even though they are unconscious. If so, he will be free from depression only when he can project them upon an external enemy, and he will therefore be likely to become an active member of some paranoiac group. The probability of characterological accidents of this kind could probably be reduced by greater tolerance to children, but only to a limited extent.

Though early traumatic experiences cannot be prevented altogether, much could be done to remedy their more

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serious effects. To do this on a scale large enough to guarantee the sanity of nations would involve providing some sort of psychoanalytic help for all children who were in need of it. To suggest that psychoanalysts should be provided for every child who was neurotic may seem fantastic—for perhaps all children at least pass through a neurotic phase; but in the middle ages it would have seemed fantastic to suggest that teachers should be provided for every child who could not read. At present psychoanalysts are rare; but their science is barely forty years old. In another half-century educational committees may have begun to appoint them to deal with the mental hygiene of their schools. At first only those children who display some obvious intellectual inhibition or emotional defect will be treated. But once the scope has extended so far, it will almost certainly grow wider until every child is helped to understand and to outgrow those early fears on which the irrational hatreds of the world are ultimately based. Before this happens, our civilization may perish, destroyed by the warring groups, and what enlightenment the present age has won may be stamped out by the superstitions that thrive in a barbaric culture. But if it manages somehow to survive a few more centuries, it may have learnt to protect itself, for all time, against the danger of collapse.

II. The Psychology of Constitutional Monarchy

By Ernest Jones

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

WHAT renders the problem of government so very difficult is man's constantly double attitude towards it, the fact that his attitude is always a mixture of two contradictory sets of wishes. On the one hand, he has very deep motives for wishing to be ruled. Feeling unequal to the task of controlling either his own or his neighbor's impulses, and longing to shift the responsibility for so doing, he demands some authority who shall shoulder the main part of this burden. On the other hand, as soon as the restrictions of authority are felt to be oppressive, he is impelled to protest and clamor for freedom. In an ordered society these two sets of impulses have to be coördinated, though in a constantly fluctuating rather than in any static form. At times either set may become predominant. When a people's sense of helplessness, of inferiority arising from guiltiness, becomes unbearable, there arises a passionate clamor for a 'strong' dictatorial government, whether of the autocratic or socialistic variety; while when a thwarting of personal initiative is felt to be intolerable, there is a call for revolution which may attain a murderous intensity.

Modern psychology well recognizes that these shifting attitudes in the outer world mirror the constant conflict and instability in man's inner nature, the to and fro surges between the expressing and the restraining of his fundamental impulses. It is noteworthy that each side of the con-

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flict may be depicted in either ignoble or laudatory terms. We may speak of the divine call to freedom, one of the noblest impulses in man's nature, as well as of his tendency to unrestrained and brutal license. On the other hand, the controlling tendencies may assume the form of sheer persecution and hateful thwarting of life as well as the confident self-control that ranks as one of the highest of our civic virtues or the acceptance of God's will so characteristic of the greatest saints.

It is also well recognized that this dichotomy of man's nature expresses itself most vividly in the child's relation to his parents—the famous Œdipus complex. In the deeper layers of the mind the attitudes persist in their old child-parent terms, though in consciousness they may have been superseded by more complex ones, such as Herbert Spencer's *Man Versus the State*. No psychoanalyst would hesitate, on coming across the person of a ruler in a dream, to translate 'ruler' as 'father,' and he would be at once interested in the way in which the subject's conscious attitude towards the ruler was being influenced by his underlying attitude towards his father. Mostly one should replace the last words by 'the underlying *fantastic* attitude towards his father,' remembering that in the child's imagination his father is either far more benevolent or far more cruel than most fathers are —and always more magically powerful and wonderful than any father is. It is the persistence in the unconscious of this element of magic belief that accounts for the recurrent irrationalities in people's attitude towards a Government, e.g., that blames it for all misfortune and imputes to its wickedness the non-appearance of an immediate Utopia.

Growing up signifies that the early sense of dependence on the parent (let me say 'father,' *tout court*), both real and imaginary, is replaced by a proper independence and self-reliance *without* any need for violent repudiation or destruction; also that the insoluble conflict between affection and parricide is replaced by an attitude of friendliness combined with a preparedness to oppose if need be. And any satisfactory solution of the general problem of government must include, among other things, a corresponding advance in the relations between governing and governed. I hope now to be able to show that, whatever its deficiencies may be, the success of the constitutional monarchy experiment is essentially due to the respects in which this advance has been achieved.

II

The experiment, or idea, starts with the assumption that, just as princesses cannot be abolished from fairy-tales without starting a riot in the nursery, so is it impossible to abolish the idea of kingship in one form or another from the hearts of men. If people are emotionally starved in this way, they invent sugar kings, railroad kings or magic 'bosses.' The idea then boldly proposes: let us reserve a king particularly to satisfy the beneficent elements of the mythology in man's ineradicable unconscious that will enable us to deal with the more troublesome elements. This is how it is worked out.

The essential purpose of the device is to prevent the murderous potentialities in the son-father (i.e. gov-

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erned-governing) relation from ever coming to too grim and fierce an expression. To effect this the idea of the ruler is 'decomposed,' as mythologists call it, into two persons—one untouchable, irremovable and sacrosanct, above even criticism, let alone attack; the other vulnerable in such a degree that sooner or later he will surely be destroyed, i.e., expelled from his position of power. The first of these, the King, is the symbolic ruler, one not directly responsible to the people; the second, the Prime Minister, is the functional ruler, exquisitely responsible. With these precautions a safe outlet is available for the parricidal tendencies; they may come into action in a form that excludes physical violence, and so long as they respect the taboo. Charles II would appear to have foreseen the coming arrangement when he wittily warded off the criticism of his epitaph-writing courtier with the words: 'I' faith, that's true, since my words are my own, but my deeds are my Ministers'.'

In return for the concession made by the populace in mollifying their parricidal tendencies the Government also, by being always ready to accept the verdict of an election, renounces the application of physical force. Under a constitutional monarchy no Minister labels a cannon, as Louis XIV did, *ultima ratio regum*. The important point of this consideration is that the institution of limited monarchy, so far from being simply a method of dealing with potentially troublesome monarchs, is really an index of a highly civilized relation subsisting between rulers and ruled. It could not survive, or even exist, except in a state that has attained the highest level of civilization, where reasoned persuasion and amicable consent have displaced force as a method of argument.

When Thiers shallowly thought to define a constitutional monarch completely with the words *le roi règne mais ne gouverne pas*, he was making a very considerable mistake. In a very deep sense such a King truly represents the sovereign people. I am not here referring to any personal influence of a particular monarch, such as Mr. Gladstone had in mind when he said that knowing Queen Victoria's opinion told him the opinion of the English people.

But what of the members of Parliament, the accredited spokesmen of the people? They are temporarily so, and they may err. But when the significant words, *le roi le veult*, have been pronounced, it means in most cases that a permanent representative of the people agrees that their sovereign voice has been at least not grossly misinterpreted. The king is carefully shielded from all personal responsibility and yet he represents the final responsibility—and at critical moments may have to bear it.

III

The mysterious identification of King and people goes very far indeed and reaches deep into the unconscious mythology that lies behind all these complex relationships. A ruler, just as a hero, can strike the imagination of the world in one of two ways. Either he presents some feature, or performs some deed, so far beyond the range of average people as to appear to be a creature belonging to another world. We do not know if the Spanish were

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really impressed on being told that their Queen could not accept a gift of silk stockings because she had no legs; but it is easy to think of less absurd examples, from the deeds of the Borgias to the impertinences of *Le Roi Soleil*. Einstein has furnished us with a current example of another kind. In the face of such phenomena one gapes with wonder or with horror, but one gapes; one does not understand. Or, on the contrary, he may capture the imagination by presenting to us, as it were on a screen, a magnified and idealized picture of the most homely and familiar attributes.

It is here that the child's glorified fantasies of himself and his family find ample satisfaction. When the sophisticated pass cynical comments on the remarkable interest the majority of people take in the minute doings of royalty, and still more in the cardinal events of their births, loves and deaths, they are often merely denying and repudiating a hidden part of their own nature rather than giving evidence of having understood and transcended it. With the others there is no trace of envy, since the illustrious personages are in their imagination their actual selves, their brother or sister, father or mother. In the august stateliness and ceremonial pomp their secret day-dreams are at last gratified, and for a moment they are released from the inevitable sordidness and harassing exigencies of mundane existence. When to this is added the innumerable 'homely touches' of royalty, the proof that they are of the same flesh as their subjects, together with signs of personal interest and sympathy with their lot, loyalty is infused with affection. And a constitutional monarch, so guarded from adverse criticism, has to have a pretty bad character before he arouses any. An autocratic monarch may be selfish and cruel, but kindliness and friendliness are the natural appurtenances of a constitutional monarch.

The psychological solution of an antinomy which the experiment of constitutional monarchy presents is also illustrated in the mode of accession of a new monarch. Is this ruler of his people, at the same time their highest representative, chosen by the people to fulfil his exalted office, or does he reign by virtue of some innate and transcendent excellence resident in him from birth? Do the people express freedom in choice or do they submit to something imposed on them? The Divine Right of Kings was definitely ended in this country three centuries ago, but what of the right of birth?

Here again a subtle compromise has been found. By virtue of an Act of Parliament, i.e., an agreement between people and monarch, the Privy Council, with the aid of various unspecified 'prominent Gentlemen of Quality,' take it on themselves to announce that a son has succeeded to his father, and their decision is universally acclaimed. It is as near the truth as the people's supposed free choice of their functional ruler, the Prime Minister. In neither case do they actively select a particular individual; what happens is that in certain definite circumstances they *allow* him to become their ruler. Their freedom lies in their reserving the right to reject him whenever he no longer plays the part allotted to him.

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Here are four articles on the Orient. The first describes an experiment in adult education in rural China; the second concerns Outer Mongolia; the third tells of Japanese influence in Siam; and the fourth sheds some light on Japan's Pacific island mandates.

ECHOES from the EAST

An Oriental Forum

I. Young China Goes to School

By A Special Correspondent

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

ONE of the most remarkable social experiments to be found perhaps anywhere outside Soviet Russia is being carried on in a group of mud-walled, sun-baked villages in the heart of North China. This is the Ting Hsien 'mass education' project, where since 1926 Dr. Y. C. James Yen and a group of Chinese scholars have been quietly working out a technique for the regeneration of the 340,000,000 peasants who live in China's rural areas.

Though overlooked by most historians, China's mass education movement represents one of the few constructive results to emerge from the Great War. When laborers were needed to do work behind the lines in France, the Allies recruited about 200,000 men from North China. Most of these were illiterate peasants and coolies from the provinces of Shantung and Hopei. Volunteers were required for welfare work with the 'Chinese Labor Corps,' as it was officially known, and one of the first to respond to the call was Dr. Yen, then a young student fresh from Yale and Princeton.

Most of the laborers were desperately homesick, but could neither write letters nor read them; eager to know what was going on in the war-

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torn world around them, they were unable to understand the newspapers. Dr. Yen set out to remedy this situation and devised a crude method of teaching Chinese characters which proved remarkably successful. Known as the 'thousand-character' system, it enabled thousands of coolies to read and write after a few months of study. Dr. Yen was so impressed with the possibilities of the idea that he resolved to dedicate the rest of his life to the education of the millions of illiterate people in China who had had no opportunity for schooling.

On his return to China after the war Dr. Yen stuck to his resolve with a tenacity which has marked him out as one of the great personalities of modern China. Beginning with a large-scale mass education experiment in Changsha, the capital of Hunan province, a nation-wide movement to wipe out illiteracy was launched under his leadership in 1922. By 1929 approximately 5,000,000 students, ranging in age from 10 to 60, were receiving instruction in mass education schools. Official recognition was given to the movement when, following the establishment of the Nationalist Government at Nanking in 1928, a mandate was issued directing that between 20 and 30 per cent of the education budget of each province should be expended on this type of work.

But mere ability to read and write, Yen saw, was not enough. Something much more fundamental in the way of education was required. The problem of citizenship training must be tackled. Millions had now been taught to read —what sort of reading should be put into their hands? What was to be the content of the new learning conveyed to these mentally liberated millions, and how could it be related to the everyday problems of the Chinese farmer? He saw the need for intensive study and practical experiment to discover the answer to these vital questions. It was to supply this need that the Ting Hsien mass education experiment was begun.

II

Most people think of China as being composed of a certain, or more probably in these days an uncertain, number of provinces. But the province is largely an artificial division; the fundamental unit is the '*hsien*,' or county, of which there are nearly 2,000 in the whole country, and Dr. Yen argued that if you could create a satisfactory pattern of life in one selected *hsien* it might be duplicated through mass education in the remaining 1,999. More than 300,000,000 Chinese live in districts very much like 'Tranquil County,' as Ting Hsien may be freely translated into English. Situated some 130 miles down the Peking-Hankow railway, it has a total area of 480 square miles and a population of 397,000 split up among 472 typical farming villages.

Most of the inhabitants of Ting Hsien are peasants who farm the surrounding lands and live together in villages amidst an atmosphere of dirt, poverty, and ignorance. Their homes are floorless huts made of clay bricks, roofed with straw or in rare cases with tiles. The average family of five or six wrests a bare livelihood from about three acres of overworked soil. The average annual income per head in Ting Hsien, which is a moderately prosperous district, totals about two pounds sterling.

Dr. Yen's reconstruction program aims primarily at the elimination of

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what he feels to be the four fundamental weaknesses of Chinese life—ignorance, poverty, disease, and civic disintegration. A determined attack upon these evils is being made along four main lines: cultural, economic, hygienic, and political. In this attack effort is concentrated chiefly upon the rural youth—the young men and young women between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five, who constitute what Dr. Yen calls the 'strategic section of the population.' It is estimated that there are some 70,000,000 young folk in China who have passed the school age without ever having had an opportunity for schooling. These are the citizens of the immediate future, and it is at them that the mass education movement now is chiefly aiming.

From Ting Hsien's 400 odd 'people's schools' between 20,000 and 45,000 young men and young women have graduated with an elementary education. These graduates have organized themselves into 'alumni associations' with the twofold object of continuing to learn through advanced courses in village leadership and of combining for community service. Alumni associations form the spearhead of the whole reconstruction effort. They organize dramatic and debating clubs, operate wireless sets for the benefit of their village, chalk up news items on the village 'news-wall,' which takes the place of a daily newspaper, and mediate in lawsuits arising among their neighbors. Other alumni association activities include tree-planting, road-repairing, agricultural exhibits, and anti-narcotic and anti-gambling movements.

While the main emphasis is placed upon the education of adolescents, important experiments are being carried out among children of primary school age with a view to working out a suitable curriculum based on rural needs. The village primary schools are organized by squads in such a way that one teacher is able to handle as many as 200 children, devolving a large measure of responsibility for teaching and discipline on the squad leaders. Nothing amazes the visitor to Ting Hsien more than the earnest efficiency with which boys and girls not yet in their teens put smaller beginners through their paces.

A corollary of the widespread illiteracy in China is the absence of a people's literature. China's literary treasures are written in a classical language which is entirely incomprehensible to the masses. Hence if the people are to read Chinese literature, it must first be rewritten in an idiom they can understand. To this end well-known scholars have gone out to live and work in the rural districts of Ting Hsien. Through their efforts about four hundred volumes of popular literature have been published as part of a thousand-volume *People's Library*. Cheaply but attractively printed, these booklets cost only a few coppers apiece.

III

Even the poorest Chinese village invariably has its open-air theatre. Under the direction of Dr. Hsiung Fu-hsi, a graduate of Columbia University, old plays are being reconstructed with a modern 'twist' and at the same time a new type of people's drama is being created. Among the plays so far produced two have proved to be specially well adapted to rural audiences. One deals with the dual problems of

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usury and litigation, which are often closely related in the village life of China; the other, entitled *Strong Son of the Plough*, demonstrates that village people are burdened through superstitious fear with sufferings which self-reliance and courage might remove.

Broadcasting is also being attempted at Ting Hsien, but here many difficulties are being experienced owing to the low level of popular education. Next to news of Japanese military activities market reports have proved the most popular item. The possibility has been demonstrated of manufacturing locally a four-tube receiver with loudspeaker at a cost of a little more than two pounds sterling. It is believed that with Government assistance a wireless broadcasting system reaching all parts of the country could now be established.

Ways and means of helping to improve the standard of living of the Chinese farmer are the main concern of a special economic division. A Farmers' Institute trains farmer-leaders to carry out simple projects for the economic reconstruction of their villages. Those who complete the one year's course become 'demonstration farmers.' The results of successful experiments are reproduced by them under the eyes of the peasants. Where a farmer might remain unimpressed by a superior breed of pig raised on some remote experimental station it becomes entirely another matter when neighbor Wang gets an extra ten pounds of pork from an animal bred just on the other side of the fence.

Rural industries are also studied. Among the 68,000 families in Ting Hsien approximately 40,000 persons are engaged in cotton spinning and nearly 30,000 in cloth weaving. An experimental workshop has been established and through this are being introduced techniques and equipment calculated to lower production costs and increase output. The aim is to develop a system whereby these local industries can be carried on economically and efficiently without divorcing the workers from agriculture.

To enable the peasant to get a fair return for his labor about 300 village Self-Help Societies have been formed as a temporary measure. The two main functions of these societies are the borrowing of money on behalf of the farmer and the warehousing of his produce. Two leading Chinese banks, the Bank of China and the Kincheng Bank, are coöperating in this project. A more permanent economic development is the organization of what are called 'integrated coöperative societies,' designed to serve the village in its major economic activities. An integrated coöperative society extends credit to its members for purchasing, production, and marketing, and provides the structure by means of which these operations may be conducted on a coöperative basis.

IV

One person out of every three in Ting Hsien dies without receiving any kind of medical care. Of the 472 villages, 252 can boast of little more than a self-made physician of the old type who prescribes drugs which he himself sells. In an effort to remedy this situation a public health experiment is being made with the object of evolving a practicable system of medical relief. The health system now being developed is carefully adjusted to the resources of the district.

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It is recognized that the average Chinese village with a population of about 700 and not more than about £10 available annually for medical purposes could not possibly support any known type of paid medical help. To meet this need a 'health worker' who has completed a ten-day course of first-aid training—after having been recommended by the village elder for the position—is appointed in each village. Equipped with a standard first-aid outfit containing twelve simple drugs, he or she is expected, in addition to dispensing these remedies, to vaccinate against smallpox and to record births and deaths.

Within a mile or two of each of the 472 villages there has been established a sub-district health station, where a qualified physician—usually a graduate of a modern-style provincial medical school—is on duty with a trained dresser or nurse. Here a daily clinic is conducted and the physician in charge also supervises the village health workers. Coördinating all these activities is the main health center, equipped with a fifty-bed hospital and a laboratory, where the training of doctors, midwives, and health workers is undertaken. The scale of the hospital equipment is deliberately reduced to what an average Chinese county might be expected to afford. There is no X-ray apparatus, and the furniture, including the operating table, is locally made. Wherever possible materials produced in Ting Hsien—such as cotton cloth for bedding and bandages—are employed in order to keep down overhead costs.

By the end of 1935 a total of nearly £100,000—almost the whole of which came from American sources—had been spent at Ting Hsien over a period of six years. What is the good of it all? What are the chances of the experiment's becoming self-supporting either within the district itself or within China as a whole? How many of the 2,000 odd *hsiens* in China are likely to be able to find the financial resources required for duplicating the Ting Hsien technique? Can the Ting Hsien experiment ever amount to more than a drop in the ocean?

For Dr. Yen the justification of the whole venture, apart from such practical results as have already been achieved, lies in the stream of visitors—totaling 5,000 in 1934—who journey to Ting Hsien from all parts of China and sometimes from abroad in order to study the work. High officials, educators, social workers, and missionaries, too, journey to see it. Scarcely a day goes by without a request coming in for a trained Ting Hsien worker to be sent out to the provinces. Many provincial governments now are sending as research fellows university graduates who spend a year or more at Ting Hsien and then return to apply the results of their learning.

Dr. Yen admits that no ordinary *hsien* government could stand anything like the overhead expense which the Ting Hsien experiment represents.

'But then,' he points out, 'no *hsien* government would need to spend more than a fraction of what we are spending. What we are trying to do here is not so much to produce a model *hsien* as to try to develop a technique which can eventually be applied to the whole of China. Otherwise Ting Hsien would be useless. Experiment is always costly. To find the cheapest and best technique is often expensive, but in the end it saves money all round.'

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II. Mongolia, Land of Contrasts

By Eugène Schreider

Translated from the *Lumière*, Paris Radical Weekly

THE high wind raises clouds of dust that hide the sun, a reddish disk, without warmth, shrouded in shadow. Surprised by the tempest, the Mongolian caravan seeks a refuge on the summit of the hill, towering solitary in the middle of the plain. Where it is higher there is less danger. The horses, admirably trained, lie down and remain motionless. The men, accustomed to the whims of the malicious gods, hide behind the animals and wait patiently.

Below, the dunes, animated by the breath of the desert, begin to shift: soon the landscape will be completely transformed. On top of the hill the men, huddling together in their ample black robes, feel the ground crumbling. Later, when they dare to open their eyes, they will stare with astonishment at a marvelous spectacle: a fortress with monumental doors, and massive towers, and inside of it remains of pottery, flint axes, human skulls. . . .

Beneath the skies, again grown limpid, there is no trace of the hill, but the sandy soil yielding before the violence of the hurricane will have brought into the open the remnants of a dead civilization—a strange metamorphosis which, however, is no surprise for the few explorers who venture into the land. Several such ruins are to be found in Mongolia, where the sandstorms, anticipating the archeologists, sometimes bring to light the historical treasures of the country.

This episode, which under other circumstances would not have mattered to anybody beside the scientists interested in oriental antiquities, has recently furnished the pretext for a campaign which foreshadows some very grave events. The old fortress discovered a few weeks ago by some fur merchants lost in the desert conjures up the old-time power of the Tunguses, an ancient warrior-tribe whose principal towns had once been situated where one now finds only the nomad shepherds. Like many other empires, this one of the first inhabitants of Mongolia has vanished without leaving behind it any traces but some awe-inspiring ruins. It is not likely that the present inhabitants of the country are the immediate descendants of this warrior-nation. At any rate, the military spirit left them a long time ago, and travelers assert that these natives of the arid steppes are the most peaceable of men. Has it not even been held that they alone practice true Buddhism as a rule of their everyday life?

Nevertheless, the spirit of the Tungus warriors unceasingly hovers over the Mongolians, consecrated to great battles. It is a curious fact that there actually are some poor devils who feel the hearts of these almost legendary warrior-ancestors beating in their bosoms, and who wish to follow in their footsteps. To tell the truth, their fathers never dreamed of such a brilliant future.

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For centuries they peacefully cultivated the soil or tended their flocks, chanting sad dirges. Millions of Mongolians have lived in this manner, but it seems that national traditions, unknown until yesterday, require other things. Let the modern Tunguses leave their felt tents, let them mount their horses and learn how to reconquer the vast plains of the North!

Thus minds are being mobilized in preparation for the next move of the Japanese army toward Central Asia. Already the *ambanes* and the *khoutoukhtas*, secular kinglings and prince-bishops taking refuge at Khalgan, are beginning to stir: a crusade against the rebellious North that has driven them away from their old dwellings coincides perfectly with their own aims. Inner Mongolia has just proclaimed its independence. The time has come to set Outer Mongolia free.

II

And what is happening in the North beyond the Gobi Desert? Among the Khalkhas, the purest representatives of the Mongolian race, unknown to the western nations, a radical revolution is being silently realized,—a revolution against the small native potentates, who were forced to seek shelter in the south under the protection of the Japanese administration.

If you will open even the most recent ethnological manual, you will read in it that Khalkhas live in misery and filth, and that their capital, Urga, is full of beggars who fight over scraps of food and die of hunger under the impassive looks of the passers-by. Certainly not everything is changed in this country that is almost wholly desert. In the distant corners of the steppes shepherds still lead a primitive life.

But the capital offers a novel spectacle. Even the name of Urga has been destroyed: the present political center of the Mongolian Republic is now called Ulan Bator. In this city modern buildings are being erected side by side with traditional pisé dwellings. In the streets, where once you had to make your way around filthy beggars, the oxen and the camels now wait patiently for automobiles driven by skillful chauffeurs who have to resort to acrobatics to pass through the seething mob. The latest streamlined models are the most popular.

In the shops they sell wares which arouse the distrust of the old men, but which nevertheless find many buyers. Alongside of old rifles and bricks one finds phonographs and chocolate bars. The presence of many other commonplace objects of that kind bears witness to the great cataclysm that has taken place. This change affects not only the tastes of consumers; their whole manner of life is revolutionized.

In order to be convinced of it, one has only to visit the stadium (Ulan Bator already has one). Athletes of both sexes train there, following the generally accepted rules. A few years ago nobody would have believed that Mongolian girls could be presented without fear to an enormous and enthusiastic audience. At the present time they willingly engage in the perilous sport of parachute-jumping, which Russian instructors have introduced them to. The men fly the airplanes. What a contrast with the old-time Mongolia, which, like China (to which it was once bound), remained immobile for several centuries! Watch-

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ing the exploits of their emancipated daughters, the mothers whisper timidly among themselves, but they do not protest. It would be no use even if they did. What could these old women do, when even the lamas, the guardians of the faith, are as pleased as children at being able to turn their traditional prayer mills with machines imported by an enterprising merchant?

As for the government, it is in principle responsible to the 'Grand Urultaï,' a sort of parliament of Soviet complexion. But there are no Communist organizations in the Mongolian Republic. In Ulan Bator and other Mongolian cities there are certain revolutionary organizations which, while they imitate Russian models, cannot be more definitely characterized. In practice they exercise the prerogatives of authority, but avoid conflict with certain traditional powers: for example, the lama clergy. Does this surprise you? It is, as a matter of fact, the most eccentric aspect of this strange régime, which is so singular a mixture of Sovietism and theocracy!

III. Japan and Siam

By Otto Corbach

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Coördinated Daily

After losing territory to the British and especially to French Indo-China, Siam had become small enough for the two European colonial powers to grant her, for the moment, an idyllic and independent existence. In renouncing for the present the partitioning of the remaining parts of Siam, they had the advantage of remaining at a respectful distance from each other. They could hardly have foreseen that Japanese imperialism would so soon be able to push into the gap. As a matter of fact, Japanese policy has been making stupendous progress in recent years in penetrating into Siam noiselessly and peacefully. The harmless buffer state suddenly threatens to become the scene of action on which the Empire of the Rising Sun may occupy undisturbed the most important strategic positions in the struggle for hegemony in Asia.

The leading Siamese circles quickly yielded to Japanese blandishments. They felt too much hemmed in by the close proximity of the French and British not to regard a veiled Japanese protectorate as the lesser evil when compared to mere toleration by the European colonial powers. To France Siam lost great parts of her northern provinces. England took her share from the southern ones. And besides this, Siam had to grant generous concessions within the possessions remaining to her. Thus her railroad system, her mines and her forests came under British control, while the gold mines in South Siam got into the hands of the French.

In addition, it was easy for other foreign interests to gain a foothold in the weakened organism. The Belgians and the Danes were permitted to create and exploit various industrial developments. About 500,000 Chinese poured in and grabbed off almost all

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trade for themselves. No wonder, therefore, that the native population of about 13 million became almost totally dependent upon foreign economic interests.

Japan especially crept into the confidence of the Siamese by enabling them, through supplying goods cheaply, to enjoy the advantages of all sorts of things which their limited purchasing power had formerly put beyond their reach. Last year this resulted in exports from Japan to Siam amounting to about 40 million yen, while Japan only imported to the value of 800,000 yen from Siam. But on the other hand Japan is now beginning to turn Siam into a cotton-producing country of first rank, from which the Japanese textile industry will buy an unlimited quantity of cotton. American experts have stated that cotton-growing conditions in Siam are as favorable as in Texas. As Siam is very sparsely populated, at least one-third of the arable land is available for cotton-growing. Within the next six years Siam is expected to be in a position, under Japanese supervision, to export cotton to the value of about 200 million yen, mainly at the expense of American exports to the Far East. Japan, as the main customer, would therefore be able to improve her trade balance with the United States, which has been mostly negative, on account of the decrease in the consumption of raw silk.

The chance to turn Siam into a source of one of the most important raw materials will enable Japan at the same time to arm at a great rate this friendly country, so important for strategic purposes. In September the Chief of Staff of the Siamese army spent some time in Japan. Some time earlier a military mission of fifteen Siamese officers had been there and had placed an order for two battleships. In addition, a group of sixteen Siamese politicians, as well as a group of naval officers, has paid a friendly visit to Japan in the course of the last few months.

II

The pro-Japanese attitude of the Bangkok population was more drastically than tactfully revealed last year, when French, English and Japanese warships arrived in the port of the capital to compete for the favor of the Country of the White Elephant. A Japanese practice squadron had earlier announced its visit, whereupon British and French fleets hastened to anticipate the Japanese. The French squadron appeared first: ten Siamese army planes took the air to greet the guests. Then the English ships arrived. This time 20 airplanes droned their welcome. Curiosity grew as to the reception the Japanese ships were likely to get. When they appeared, more than 100 airplanes flew out to meet them, circled above them, and expressed the general delight of the country over the arrival of the guests of honor.

Phra Mitrakam Raksa, Siamese ambassador in Tokyo, recently received a representative of the greatest English newspaper in the Far East, the *North China Daily News*, published in Shanghai.

'Why,' asked the interviewer, 'does Siam value Japanese friendship so highly, when Japan had restricted the import of Siamese rice so sharply?'

'We have convinced ourselves,' said the ambassador, 'that Japan was forced to restrict the import of rice by

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her agricultural crisis. But Japan is doing whatever she can to compensate us for this in the future, and the prospects look excellent. Until now Siam has exported only small quantities of raw cotton, lumber and minerals; at present the greatest efforts are being made to open her natural resources, which have so far hardly been exploited—especially in the field of cotton-growing. Siam is an independent country and will not let herself be influenced by countries at whose expense Japan is expanding her trade in Siam. As long as Japan is able to supply us with better and cheaper products, we shall buy from her.'

The self-possessed manner of this Siamese diplomat toward the representative of a publication which is authoritative for British public opinion in the Far East is certainly significant in showing how cocky even the small nations of Asia, under the protectorate of Japan, feel toward western colonial powers.

IV. Japan's Island Wall

By Willard Price

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

POLITE but frank suspicion marks the often repeated request of the League of Nations Mandates Commission that Japan should explain more fully what she is doing in the South Seas. She holds Micronesia as a mandate from the League. According to the terms of that mandate, she may not fortify the islands. And yet the Commission, in the words of a recent report, has 'noted particularly the disproportion apparently existing between the sums spent on equipment of the ports of certain islands in the Japanese mandate and the volume of commercial activity.'

There is reason for concern over the rumors of fortifications and naval bases. For these islands of the Japanese mandate are the most important from a strategic standpoint in the entire South Seas. The geographical facts of the case are not sufficiently realized. The old Great Wall of China is obsolete. Not only China, but all Asia, has a new Great Wall. It starts with the frozen Kurile Islands, extends through the main islands of Japan, through the Bonins, then broadens to take in the 1,400 South Sea islands held by Japan under mandate from the League of Nations. This brings the Great Wall to the equator. The entire Asiatic continent lies behind this rampart. Because of the existence of it, America sends ships across the Pacific to Asia only by grace of Japan. The route of ships passing north from Singapore along the China coast is paralleled by Japanese battlements. The northern half of the Great Wall is fortified. Is the southern half? The doubt is more than ordinarily pertinent at present in view of Japan's demand for naval parity, her abrogation of the Washington Treaty, her resignation from the League and her policies in Asia.

In order to get some light on the subject I have recently spent four months visiting the islands of the mandate. I come away with a clear

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conclusion of yes and no. No, there is no ground for suspicion as to fortifications. Yes, there is every reason for the most grave concern as to the significance of these islands in the future of Asia. This amazing labyrinth, made up of the Mariana, Caroline and Marshall groups, numbers 1,400 islands worthy of the name and a total of 2,550 islands, islets and reefs. It is 2,700 miles wide and 1,300 miles deep. It is spread over a sea larger than the Mediterranean and Caribbean together. It hugs the Philippines on the west, the equator on the south, and the 180th meridian, or International Date Line, on the east. Its airplanes could fly in ten hours to either Hongkong or Singapore, in six to Australia, in three to the Dutch East Indies, and in two to the Philippines.

The few foreign visitors to the islands, because of the difficulty they experience in gaining access to this region, naturally look for a violation of the mandate ruling on fortifications. Not one, so far as I know, has reported the existence of fortifications. I saw none, nor could any natives, even those most acidly critical of the Japanese régime, tell me of any. Japanese, to impress the natives, have been known to hint to them that fortifications exist—but the natives themselves have not seen them.

The Mandates Commission, noting that 1,500,000 yen was being spent on Saipan harbor, scented the construction of a naval base. They have repeatedly asked that a full explanation of the matter be made in Japan's next report. But each report (and that issued in the autumn of 1935 is no exception) offers only a generalized statement, which strengthens the impression that Japan is willing that not only the natives but the foreign Powers should consider the islands as being not totally unprepared against attack.

The simple fact is that Saipan harbor is the one important harbor that would be completely useless as a naval base. It is obvious to anyone who will sit swinging his legs over the edge of the new pier that the development is purely commercial. He can look across the lagoon, over the low reef, and across the sea for miles. Likewise a battleship miles away could look into and shoot into the lagoon. It is entirely exposed. If Japanese strategists were designing a trap in which to commit naval hara-kiri, they could devise nothing better than Saipan harbor.

Commercially it will be invaluable. Our ship, for lack of such a harbor, anchored two miles from shore. A heavy swell was running and the trip to shore in a small launch through half-submerged reefs was precarious. Unloading and loading were delayed because of the roughness of the sea. Sometimes a ship must lie here for ten days before it can safely receive its cargo of sugar.

Therefore a channel 90 metres wide and 1,600 metres long is being blasted through the reef, the lagoon is being dredged to greater depth, and a pier has been constructed so that a ship of 4,000 tons may lie alongside. Sugar may then be loaded direct from car to hold.

The total cost of this operation, 1,500,000 yen, seems modest in view of the fact that Saipan's annual export of sugar exceeds 10,000,000 yen.

But there are other harbors which have not attracted the attention of the Commission because little or no money is being spent upon them. Money is

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not being spent because they are already perfect, either as commercial ports or as sites for naval bases. While some of the islands are useless, others are perfect hiding places for warships, submarines and aircraft. Truk, for example, was born to be a naval base. It is not fortified, and does not need to be, for its myriad of high rocky islands in a forty-mile-wide lagoon, protected by a reef pierced by only a few passages which could easily be mined, constitute a perfect weapon turned out of nature's own armament factory.

At an exposed angle of the Wall stands Palau. Its position is most strategic. The Philippines are only five hundred miles away as the plane flies. The building of an airport on Palau to serve the Tokyo-Palau mail-line has started wild imaginings in the minds of some Filipinos.

Palau harbor is as valuable a potential naval base as Saipan harbor is futile. Removed from the merchant-ship harbor, which is so small that it will accommodate only two vessels comfortably, is a deep basin adequate for a fleet of at least fifty ships of good size. Its existence is not generally known but is, I presume, no secret. Officials took me over it by launch and through the broad, five-mile-long channel which connects it with the sea. Occasional Japanese warships anchor in the harbor. Merchant ships are barred. There is no sign of refueling bases or fortifications. Of course such would probably come into existence with surprising alacrity in case of need.

The harbor is flanked by the hilly island of Arakabesan on which is located the new airport. Palau is the westernmost and southernmost important island, but lesser islands continue the Great Wall to the equator, almost to the shores of New Guinea. At the equator the Japanese and Australian mandates meet. Australia itself is only a few days' sail beyond.

Because of their key position, the islands are an invaluable protection to Japan as she works out her destiny upon the Asiatic mainland. The breadth, length and strength of Asia's new Great Wall somehow make the 'open door' seem small and narrow in proportion. Japan's invitation to western Powers to keep out of China is immeasurably strengthened by this barrier.

. . . . And No Birds Sing

On behalf of our song-birds I implore everyone to do his or her share. These birds will soon be breeding; are their nests to be torn to pieces and their young killed simply because we are indifferent to their fate? An English wood without an English squirrel is bad enough, but an England without her song-birds would be dreadful.

—L. W. Swanson in the *Listener*, London

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Persons and Personages

Milan Hodža: Professor and Man of Action

By Hubert Beuve-Méry

Translated from the *Temps*, Paris Semi-Official Daily

Always kindly disposed toward professors, the Czechoslovak Republic now sees one at the head of its government. It is true that Mr. Hodža's capacities as a journalist, an organizer, and a politician surpass those of a professor. This taste for action and for organization, which seems to be the dominant trait of the Czechoslovakian President of the Council, has been developed under a triple influence: Protestant, Slovak, and Hungarian. Son of an Evangelical pastor, young Milan belonged to the Protestant Slovakian bourgeoisie—a class which represented the intellectual elements of the country and exerted some political influence. Being a Slovak, he loved his small country passionately, and as a good Slovak, combined an innate eloquence with a fiery spirit which the passing years have not completely extinguished. In a Magyar school he learned good manners, social resourcefulness, and generosity.

Mr. Hodža showed his talent for organization as early as 1897. He was no more than nineteen years old when he succeeded in uniting the Slovak, Rumanian and Serbian students of the University of Budapest in a close association—an early prelude to the Little Entente. The outcome of this venture was not long in coming: he was soon invited to pursue his studies elsewhere; and accordingly he went to Vienna. Upon getting his doctorate he returned to Budapest, where in 1900 he founded a magazine called *Slovenský Deník*. Soon compelled to suspend this publication, he launched in 1903 the *Slovenský Týdeník*, a weekly which rapidly became the intellectual and political sustenance of the Slovak masses. In 1905 he was elected to the Budapest Parliament by the Slovaks of the Bǎk, a region which today belongs to Yugoslavia.

The young deputy felt that he possessed the spirit of a leader, and he did not try to hide his ambitions. But he was too profoundly Slovak at heart to associate himself with the powers of the day. The question of destroying Austria-Hungary did not arise until much later, when the old empire had dug its own grave. For the time being his plans were much more modest. It was a question above all of securing autonomy for the non-Magyar population. The plan of action was based on two cardinal points: to struggle against the Austro-Hungarian dualism, which left the field free for oppression and to obtain the right of suffrage for the minorities.

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Mr. Hodža carried on this double struggle ceaselessly, with all the vigor of his temperament, but also with all the mastery which his rapidly growing experience was developing in him. Was he an extremist or a moderate? A radical or an opportunist? Mr. Hodža was neither one nor the other; or, to be more exact, he was, and doubtless still is, both. Never, perhaps, had a citizen of the Dual Monarchy dared to speak about the Emperor as he did. In 1905, some time after his election, he wrote: 'The paternal heart of Your Majesty rejoices to see us supplying you faithfully with money and soldiers; its tranquillity is not at all disturbed by our sufferings. . . . We are sure that Your Majesty's heart is nothing but a base calculating machine, only fit to determine the order in which you can juggle the nationalities'. . . .

WHEN the Dual Monarchy was overthrown and the Czechoslovakian Republic proclaimed, Mr. Hodža, following his political instinct, continued to alternate open attacks with subtle alliances. The first representative of the Czechoslovakian Republic in the Budapest government, he showed by his independent attitude that he had his own policy and that it did not behoove him to be treated as a mere functionary—not even as one of the highest degree. Elected a deputy to the new Parliament, he founded the Agrarian Party of Slovakia, where he at the same time organized the trade unions and agricultural coöperatives. At the end of two years, assured of his comparative independence, and not having any reason to fear that his personality would be overshadowed by the vast party machine, he allied himself with the Czechoslovakian Agrarians. Later he was to lead a bourgeois bloc in an attack upon the Socialists,—an attack that he continued until the reprisals of the Left in their turn checked him and forced him for some time to adopt a humbler attitude.

As a matter of fact, although accused of demagogy and of Agrarian Socialism, Mr. Hodža had often seemed a reactionary to the Czechoslovakian Socialists. He was one of the most effective opponents of the separation of Church and State. Against those in favor of centralization he asserted the necessity for decentralization, which the history of centuries imposed. Finally the fact that he was a partisan of the League of Nations did not make him fight any less vigorously against pacifism, which seemed to him at once empty and weakening, and likely to make the future of his country a dark one.

If, to make sure, one asks him about his true political beliefs, Mr. Hodža answers willingly: 'I am a conservative, but in the larger sense of the word. That is, I want to create before I conserve.'

What does he mean by 'create'? Perhaps a vast central party where Agrarian predominance will be expressed even more decisively than it is

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today. Perhaps, also, a new form of democracy, which will deserve the name of economic democracy. In spite of oneself, one thinks of certain of Mr. Beneš's declarations . . . The Socialists and Agrarians might have been in violent opposition in the past; today they agree on more than one point. Their reconciliation is more than just a tactical move or a simple reflex of a lucid and generous patriotism.

As Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Hodža succeeded in organizing and directing a cereal monopoly by appealing to a federation of producers and consumers and by demanding no more than a strictly limited guarantee from the State. The experience up to now has not been unfavorable. Mr. Hodža now dreams of extending the organization to the other branches of agricultural production. He is exerting pressure on the industrialists to induce them to enter upon a similar road. He is transforming the agricultural chambers; he intends to reorganize the National Economic Council; he is attempting to simplify and organize the administrative machine so as to achieve the greatest clarity and efficiency possible. In terms of such an evolution one foresees a Republic which some would call conservative and bourgeois, others Socialist and perhaps also Corporative, although that word has never passed the lips of the President of the Council.

But Czechoslovakia has more than economic problems to solve. It is also necessary to integrate the Slovaks into a national community, and Mr. Hodža is perhaps the only one who could achieve this task. It is also necessary to make more than three million Germans feel happy and free in their Czechoslovakian homeland—a delicate problem which in 1926 the future President of the Council had believed in great measure solved, but which the changes in Hitler Germany have since revived. In resuming this interrupted work, in performing the projected economic reorganization, in helping the realization of the idea, which is so close to his heart, of an association between the agricultural and industrial States of Europe—in doing these things Mr. Hodža can count upon the confidence of the immense majority of his countrymen. Naturally there is no lack of obstacles. He will have to contend with the resistance, the routine, and the jealousies of his own party, with the incomprehension and the suspicion of a good number of the Socialists. He will also have to resist the temptation to expand indefinitely the field of action of his own party at the expense of the other political organizations. But the gravest danger threatening him is perhaps the very greatness of the hopes placed in him,—hopes which it is perhaps not in the power of any man to realize completely.

One must hope for the good of Czechoslovakia and the success of democratic ideas that the parties of the Left and of the Right will have in this difficult hour as clear a comprehension of their duties as that which

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Messrs. Hodža and Beneš have. If it is so, make no mistake: this lettered bourgeois, who knows how to speak to the simple folk, whose warm greetings quickly correct the first impression of austerity he gives, who speaks slowly, with his eyes half closed, as though he were pursuing some inner thought behind his glasses—this man is not only the chief of an honorable Protestant family. Nor is he only a party member whom a political movement has unexpectedly carried to the top. Tomorrow he may very well be one of the new men of the new Europe.

Albert Sarraut

By Odette Pannetier

Translated from *Candide*, Paris Conservative Weekly

He makes one think of a Buddhist monk in an educational film, or a provincial notary who has come incognito to Paris to perform a marriage. He has the flat nose and the slanting eyes of the one, and of the other, the pompous air, the solemn bearing, and the passionate attachment to a bowler hat and a cane with a silver knob.

He speaks slowly, weighing and reweighing his words, savoring them as he utters them. He has not yet exhausted the pride he experiences at feeling himself so discreet, so sensible, so intelligent.

His great power lies in having a brother whom no one ever sees. You have to have a radical convention, rife with threats and hidden traps, before you finally see him appear, tall, slender, round-shouldered, with cheeks that are too hollow, cheekbones that are too pink, a mustache like a lightning-rod. Clemenceau used to say:—

'Albert Sarraut? Oh, yes, that's the one with the intelligent brother.'

It is true that Maurice Sarraut is intelligent. Intelligent like all those who advise much and never act. Albert Sarraut is not particularly stupid either. And he is brave enough, too. He has proved this by fighting several duels. That was a long time ago. He has doubtless become more discreet since then. But in the trade of the musketeer one does not wait until sixty to retire.

By a strange phenomenon this man, so brave in life, is in politics submissive and vacillating. His brother, who guesses all his sentiments with an almost feminine intuition, has become for this weakling in search of support a sort of tender, intellectual Nanny. Whatever Maurice advises him to do, Albert does. One has the power and the other exercises it.

The two of them are great feudal lords, Radical and anti-clerical, whose domain comprises the entire countryside of Carcassonne and Toulouse. They rule their lands amiably but firmly.

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From time to time they notice among their 'vassals' and 'serfs' a child, an adolescent, who deserves to 'be somebody.' They ravish him away from the disconsolate mother, from the resigned, but proud, father. They make a Radical out of him. Whereupon the youngster betrays their hopes, and they feel lost, like a mother hen whose brood has run away to who knows what hazardous destiny.

WHILE Maurice reasons and treats politics like a game of chess, Albert tends to make everything concrete in phrases which are destined, according to him, to survive for posterity. Everybody knows the most famous one, which dates from the time of the Poincaré ministry, when Mr. Albert Sarraut was Minister of the Interior:—

'Communism—that's the enemy.'

That was the time when he dreamed all night of plots, bombs, attacks on Paris led by a Cachin or a Berthon, with their knives clenched in their teeth.

From time to time some needy rascal, knowing about the innocent hobby of the Minister of the Interior, would come to see him, and on being announced would assume a reticent air, heavy with mystery:—

'I know where "they" meet. . . .'

From behind gold-rimmed glasses the somber eyes of a mandarin gleamed with a million sparks.

'Where? . . . Come, talk . . . I'll reward you . . .'

The drawer of the desk would slide open, and the enchanted visitor would perceive a magic heap of crumpled banknotes, ready to be given, and good to take.

Can Mr. Sarraut have signed a secret peace treaty with the Communists? The *Humanité* has taken his return to power very nicely. Nothing remains of the violent hatred of old. Doubtless it has ceased to be a good electoral plank. For either side.

But has Mr. Sarraut also renounced the yellow peril? Have those two perils, the red and the yellow, disappeared, gone, taken flight like nightmares at dawn? From his long and useful stays in Asia, Albert Sarraut had brought back a haunting memory of the furtive, hidden hatred of the yellow-skinned man, obsequiously stirred up against the whites. If one went to see him during Poincaré's régime at the soft hour of twilight, at the hour when the ministers take their sober recreation, one would find him bent over a map of Asia like a clairvoyant over her cards.

He would smile sadly, sigh a little, take off his glasses, put them on again, turn aside to spit, and predict with a monotonous voice the end of European civilization.

Mr. Sarraut has renounced these preoccupations, which people create

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for themselves in a period of prosperity in order to mollify fate by not being wholly happy.

Now he has again taken up his residence in the Place Beauvau. He has recovered his office with a small unconfessed joy, and the logs that smolder in the fireplace, and even the doorman, who had once crushed his fingers in the door of his carriage as he closed it.

Again the canvases and the frames will be heaped everywhere in the Minister's room: against the walls and the armchairs, and in the little retreat where a Minister anxious to be clean even in the physical sense has the right to wash his hands.

For painting is Mr. Sarraut's great passion. There is not an exhibition to which he does not hurry. He will not leave Breughel except for Chagall, and only Derain can console him for the sad spectacle of a Renoir returning to America after having been sent over solely for the purpose of an exhibition. He loves painting with the lugubrious hunger of the poor devils standing with empty stomachs before a butcher's shop. This cold, formal, meticulous and bored man when you speak to him about painting displays the lyricism of a schoolboy let out on his spring vacation. And how touching and beautiful it is to hear him say almost piously:—

'I, who am a connoisseur of painting . . .'

Let his ministers betray him: Modigliani will console him. Let Mr. Marcel Régnier object that there are only a few demonetized pennies in the treasury: he will find himself an obscure little painter of St. Denis with canvases which, it seems, would give a king courage on the eve of a revolution.

NOW that he is the head of the Government he has become a sort of Grand Cham. He behaves like a man used to the bodyguards, to the reporters, to the magnesium lights, and to the crowd which shouts things which luckily one does not understand. He smiles a little; he does '*Bonjour, bonjour*' with his hand; he does not see anybody; he marches on in his glory. People to right and to left are like two yielding gray walls in which one has neither the time nor the wish to recognize a friendly face or an affectionate look. He passes and is gone. The State claims him, for he is the State.

During the intermissions in his power, he has contracted a great love for the Côte d'Azur. One year he was seen at Juan-les-Pins—when that place was not yet a perpetually turbulent and vulgar country fair. He was noticed because nobody could help noticing him. Coming from the north, from Toulouse, he was not familiar with the latest fashions. So one day the astonished public saw a man rushing into the casino, dressed in black, with a bowler hat on his head, carrying a cane with a silver knob

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as a beadle would carry a halberd. The tritons and naiads who were sunning their skin and hair almost died with laughter. Mr. Sarraut became purple in the face. They saw him disappear by a hidden staircase and then reappear on the beach where all alone at that hour he ran and stumbled, a baffled fugitive, silhouetted black against the yellow sand.

The next year he took his revenge; as they say, 'I remember it as if it were yesterday.' It was the sacred hour at the Miramar. Arrived a sea-wolf whose jersey shirt left his arms bare, and whose shorts revealed his shaggy legs. Around his neck was the red handkerchief of the locomotive driver. It was Mr. Albert Sarraut.

LET US go back to the serious things: for example, the fate of France. Mr. Sarraut did not want to form his ministry. Three days before posing for the cameras of the whole world, he declared to his most intimate friends:—

'I don't know if Lebrun will call me, but I know one thing: under no circumstances will I form a ministry.'

And then people intervened. Maurice, the brother-governess, Mr. Mandel, the little friends who wanted to get portfolios, Mr. Jacques Stern, who had adopted Mr. Sarraut's doormat as a place to sleep, Mr. Camille Chautemps, who wanted to extend his railroad ventures, and perhaps even Mr. Lebrun, who is quite capable of having a personal opinion if the circumstances demand it.

Thus solicited Mr. Sarraut passed his hand across his brow several times with the gesture of a man with a headache whom five young ladies are begging to dance a polka with them. Then he said:—

'Yes.'

But by that time all the press agencies had already spread the news. The next thing to do was to form the ministry in question. Mr. Sarraut had exhausted all his strength in that 'Yes,' which had so relieved Mr. Lebrun.

Whereupon Mr. Mandel very obligingly put himself at Mr. Sarraut's disposal. He called upon Messrs. Jean Zay and Guernut and General Maurin; he relegated Mr. Paul-Boncour to a soft job of which, however, nothing was left but the shell. Without realizing it he played the rôle of Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Mr. Sarraut, upon learning that his ministry was formed, was very happy indeed.

'Have all the portfolios been distributed? All of them? Really?' he asked Mr. Mandel.

For he is a very conscientious man.

Mr. Mandel reassured him. Whereupon Mr. Sarraut went on his way. That very day a new exhibition was opening!

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DARIUS MILHAUD

By M. D. CALVOCORESSI

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

MILHAUD has always been regarded as the stormy petrel of contemporary French music. He owes this reputation partly to the disturbances created by certain of his works: the *Études* for piano and orchestra in Paris in 1921; the final scenes of *Christophe Colomb* nine years later in Berlin. But he owes it also to his loudly proclaimed anti-Wagnerism, his anti-impressionism, his interest in ragtime and jazz, his love for the grotesque, the farcical and the *outré*, the part he played as an exponent of polytonality and as leader of the short-lived group known as *Les Six*. In actual fact, he is a remarkably alert, impulsive, industrious and versatile composer, who knows exactly what he wants, however bewildering a diversity of means he may have tried in order to achieve his aim.

He was born in Provence, and is of Jewish parentage. In him the surface quickness and exuberance of the southern French works in association with the deep sensitiveness, the thoroughness, the enquiring mind, that are characteristic of the Jewish race at its best. His career began in one stormy period and continued, after the War, in another even stormier. When in 1910, at the age of eighteen, he started his professional studies at the Paris *Conservatoire*, Debussy was asserting his influence in spite of violent opposition, and Schönberg and Stravinsky were looming on the horizon. All three made their impression upon him. So did Albéric Magnard, a composer whose music, informed by austere idealism, is not generally appreciated in France and remains practically unknown elsewhere.

But more than any music, the writings of Francis Jammes and of Paul Claudel contributed to the forming of his outlook. Jammes' poems (of which he set many to music between 1910 and 1918) confirmed his instinctive dislike for 'the languid misty atmosphere of musical impressionism,' and revealed to him the poetry of everyday life, the charm of humble persons and familiar objects.

He started on his creed unostentatiously enough, with a violin concerto, a string quartet, a piano suite, an orchestral suite and settings of poems by Claudel to which Jammes had called his attention. In 1910 he began setting Jammes' play *La Brebis égarée*, which he finished in 1915. It is a simple and a genuinely expressive work. Then he met Claudel, and out of their collaboration came a long series of works for the stage—the satiric drama, *Protée*, *Orestie* (Claudel's French translation of the Æschylus trilogy), the ballet *L'Homme et son Désir* and *Christophe Co-*

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lomb. Poet and composer were in thorough agreement on all points; in their fondness for mingling the trite and the singular, the subtle and the coarse, realism and fantasy. Above all things, they both felt that 'music should never be such as to create an atmosphere in which everything happens as in a dream.'

Dream in any form, and even introspection, is no part of Milhaud's scheme. He is far too interested in things as he finds them. Anything affords him a pretext for music-making. He has set Psalms to music, and poems of Coventry Patmore and Francis Thompson. He has also set technical descriptions of agricultural machines, and parts of a seedsman's catalogue. He is interested in all the noises that human voices or instruments can make. In *L'Homme et son Désir* he plays with no less than eighteen percussion instruments. Elsewhere he devises sequences of tone clusters, in which all the notes of one diatonic scale, plus maybe several from another, are included and duplicated in several octaves.

His output is enormous. It includes operas, ballets, eight string quartets, six symphonies, about one hundred and fifty songs, cantatas and choral music, a viola concerto, a violin concerto, a variety of works for piano and orchestra, and half-a-dozen pieces for various other combinations. No doubt he has composed too much, relying on the prodigality of his own genius rather than upon his sense of criticism. Composition to him is a natural activity, and music simply a means of expression. He himself has declared that 'the vitality of a work can depend only on the vitality of its melody: polytonality and atonality are of value only as materials in the service of the composer's sensitiveness and imagination.' Mr. Edwin Evans, however, has pointed out that he is also interested in 'the chess-problem aspect of music, which provides an attractive field for the intellectual ingenuity that the Jews bring from the East.'

But something of the fundamental simplicity which he learned from Jammes remains even in his most ambitious ventures. In the *Poèmes juifs* he has achieved a soul-stirring eloquence with the simplest means.

In his Jewish music he never aims at archaism. He is as little concerned with reconstitution (genuine or illusory) of the old types as with adapting traditional tunes to modern music. But the settings of songs and hymns, the *Poèmes*, the *Mélodies populaires hébraïques*, and the little known but very fine and simple *Prières journalières des juifs du Comtat Venaisson*, express the fervor and impassioned spirituality of his race.

His artistic creed is that in music nothing really matters except melody. He is not endowed with a particularly great capacity for creating ample sustained melodies. But in most of his songs, and especially in the Jewish sets, he achieves genuine lyricism. It is in that domain and in chamber music that we may be sure of finding his work at its pithiest and best.

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These two sketches, both by Germans, point the contrast between the capitals of Nazi Germany and Red Russia.

A Tale *of* Two Cities

The Old and the New

I. Moscow Buys

By Leo Lania

Translated from the *Neues Tage-buch*, Paris German Émigré Weekly

'Pineapples! From Formosa!' My friend, a well-known dramatist, is enthusiastically waving the can which he has just purchased at the *Gastronom*.

'What do you say to all these things we can get here now? You can buy everything in the Moscow stores now—just look—pineapple from Formosa!' Triumphantly a young architect places the can under my nose.

On the table there were big plates of sausages, cheese, ham and salads; there was pie and many kinds of cakes of alarming dimensions; candies, sandwiches—when I saw the enormous portions set before me, my appetite vanished. Finally hot frankfurters were served, Moscow's latest specialty, held in particular esteem: 400,000 pairs a day are consumed in the city, someone reported.

The general enthusiasm for economic statistics seems to keep pace with the increase in production; no more than two years ago, drinking bad tea and eating poor bread, one got drunk on the figures of coal and iron production, on the dimensions of the new dams. A year ago it was the opening of the subway that made one forget all one's difficulties. Today the report of Mikoyan, the People's Commissar for the Food Industry, is the greatest sensation, and the figures on the consumption of butter, meat, coffee and canned goods, running into the millions, are discussed with delight. Every conversation ends in the reports of eyewitnesses of this new store or that, of the dainties that can be purchased there.

That evening, in the lobby of my hotel, I got into a conversation with

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an engineer who had just arrived from the country, and soon I was, as they say, 'in on things.'

'What do you say?' he began. 'Do you know that you can now buy in Moscow—'

'I know—pineapples from Formosa!'

Moscow, the whole of Soviet Russia, is making a rush for the luxuries which have suddenly come within reach after long years of need and privation. The foreigner who smiles at the sometimes naïve enthusiasm of the Russians in these matters forgets two things: the tremendous sacrifices they had to make before they could enjoy the present rewards; and the extraordinary political significance of this imposing turn for the better. For the first time the individual is experiencing the concrete results of Soviet-planned economy in everyday things, in his private life. The worst is over. Things are on the upgrade. The consciousness of this blots out all worries.

Three years ago, on my last visit, every conversation moved around one theme: the coming war. Today there is more talk of war in every city of Europe than in the towns and villages of the Soviet Union. This does not mean that they underestimate the possibility, the dangers, of war—the Party and the Government take care of that. But in all strata of the population the feeling of security outweighs the fear of war. 'They won't do us any harm. And if we have five more years of peace, a war will not even be able to threaten our economic progress seriously!'

In this connection Kaganovitch is pointed to time and again. A year ago he took over the transport department, which had seriously lagged in its development; within a few months, with fantastic energy, he reorganized the railways. Today it may be said that a radical improvement of this vital part of Russian economy, so important in case of war, has begun. For example, in the sugar refineries, as late as 1932, workers stood idle 16.8 per cent of the time, for the transportation facilities were inadequate to keep coal, lime, and beets coming in. In 1933 the percentage rose to 18. In 1934 idle time amounted to 2.5 per cent, and since the fall of 1935 not a single sugar refinery has had an hour's idle time which could be traced to transportation difficulties. Similar reports come from all branches of industry.

The streets of Moscow are changing from day to day. The opening of new stores, cafés, restaurants, changes the character of the streets even more than the modern ten-story hotels and Government buildings. Show-windows full of food and goods have brightened the gray monotony of the Moscow streets; the bright stores, open until midnight, and thronged with customers, do more toward increasing the joy of life and the feeling of hopefulness than the ablest statements and newspaper articles.

As far as the quality of the goods is concerned, only a beginning has been made. The food compares favorably with that of foreign countries. There are dozens of different kinds of pastry, cheese and sausages. Every grocery store on Gorki Street, the former Tverskaya, carries as many delicatessen goods as the biggest stores in European capitals. But the quality of clothing, shoes, and underwear is considerably inferior. And, despite

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new buildings everywhere, the housing question in Moscow is almost as critical as ever. Even with plenty of good food, people still dress poorly, and the living conditions are outrageous. Because of the tremendous overcrowding of the city, Moscow is the worst offender in this respect. The Government's decisions that in future no more factories are to be erected in the proximity of Moscow and that the city shall not exceed the five-million limit, coupled with the creation of big administrative and cultural centers in the provincial towns, will doubtless soon stop further influx into Moscow. But even so it will still be years before each Moscow citizen will have a room to himself. According to the schedule, the whole rebuilding and reorganization of the city will be completed in 1945. The estimate is based on what one would formerly have called 'American' but must now call 'Soviet Russian' methods.

II

Until the beginning of this year it was not possible to answer questions about the living standard of Soviet Russians unequivocally. The wages and prices did not mean much because the hundred rubles of one worker had to be valued differently from those of another. Payments in kind always had to be taken into consideration in addition to wages (lunch, the ration of food and goods which the worker could purchase in his coöperative). In contrast to these, the wages themselves, which he used for purchasing his further needs at incomparably higher prices in the open market, played only a supplementary and relatively unimportant rôle.

Since the first of January there have been no rations, and consequently there are no longer two different sectors of the Russian economy. The hundred rubles of every worker, peasant and employee represent the same purchasing power. There are still certain differentiations. One worker may work in a factory where the club serves a cheap lunch because the plant pays a grant for each man; another worker may not have the same privilege in his shop. In addition there are the bonuses which almost every worker receives for special accomplishments. Others work in their spare time—engineers, architects, technicians, for instance—and draw, besides their steady wages, extra and often very high bonuses for plans and projects.

Even the wages themselves are not yet uniformly regulated. The transition came too suddenly. It will take a few months before wages and prices are adjusted to one another. The tendency of prices to fall is clearly visible, while wages remain stable, and in some industries are actually increasing. (I myself noticed from week to week the falling prices in the Moscow stores and restaurants.) The income of writers, journalists, artists, actors, skilled engineers and technicians, and of the workers who exceed the normal output (Stakhanoffites) is particularly high, even compared with the still high prices. It has thus happened that some workers have been able, on account of the quickly expanding Stakhanoffite movement, to increase their output so much that they earn about a thousand rubles a month in addition to their 250 or 300 ruble wage-scale.

So far the Government has been unwilling to stop the full momentum of the Stakhanoffite movement, the

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impetus for a better and larger output, by increasing the production standards and cutting wages. But here is a problem which will remain critical for the Russian economy as long as production remains insufficient to meet the tremendously increasing demand which results from the increased purchasing power of the population. One thing, however, is certain: the living standard of all strata of society is going up steadily and quickly.

The stabilization of the ruble on the basis of five rubles to the dollar has not made any difference to the native. For the foreigner, however, Moscow has become the most expensive city in the world. If he enters the Soviet Union as an Intourist traveler, having paid for his trip in foreign exchange, he gets the advantage of the old rate of exchange. But foreigners who live permanently in the Soviet Union (the personnel of the embassies, newspaper correspondents, business representatives), and who depend on remittances from their home lands, are in a difficult situation. The Torgsin stores, where foreigners could buy with foreign exchange at world-market prices, have been dissolved, and so they have to pay, like the Russians, fifteen rubles for a dinner and three to five rubles for twenty-five cigarettes.

Here, too, the state of transition is reflected. The ruble will only gradually reach the purchasing power which accords with its inner value. But though this change may be unpleasant for individuals or for this or that stratum of the population, nevertheless the Government has only followed its program consistently in stabilizing the ruble to reach a uniform wage and price system.

The economic progress, the continued increase of production; the conquest of the machine by workers who were unskilled a few years ago—a quicker and more thoroughgoing conquest than even the most kindly disposed observers had thought possible; the satisfaction in the agricultural sections at the end of collectivization—one must admit that Soviet-planned economy has gained a decisive victory and that the new system is beginning to put its successes to the test. A new stage of evolution emerges, new perspectives and new problems come to the fore.

III

In his statement, mentioned above, Mikoyan said, among other things: 'Before the War ten kinds of cheese were produced in Russian dairies; at the moment we are making twenty-nine kinds. Next year we want to produce sixty or seventy different kinds of cheese. Why should we have fewer varieties than France? We must not stay behind her. As yet not everybody enjoys cheese, but one has to develop the taste for it.' He continues: 'Life is changing not only in the city but also in the villages. Our villages are different from what they used to be. They have stopped producing fabrics in the household, stopped wearing bast shoes and living on dry bread and *kvass*. Today the women from the villages wear city dresses; they buy perfume and fragrant soap; our villagers want to consume preserved fruits, meat, fish and vegetables. It is amazing how quickly the villagers have learned all this. But we shall see to it that they learn even more about it. We want our workers, collective farmers and employees to develop their taste so that they can

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change from simple products to better and more nourishing ones. It is for this purpose that we have to use all sorts of propaganda, and the best forms of advertising.' (In fact, a great number of Moscow printing houses are at present working to the limits of their capacity manufacturing booklets, leaflets, etc.)

The creation of new needs, the development and improvement of taste in food and clothing—in short, the raising of the cultural standards of a nation of one-hundred-and-sixty millions who until recently lived under almost medieval conditions—this revolution of taste, intellect and emotion which is rapidly following on the heels of industrialization now also penetrates into social and private life. It is a revolution far more incisive than that which found expression fifteen years ago in the laws about marriage, divorce, education, artistic creation. It is the transformation of peasants into workers, of workers into technicians, of illiterates into tractor drivers, and of harem women from Bokhara into managers of collectives. This change in the conditions of life, in volume and tempo, a change unique in world history, has, in its first stage, been external. In the ensuing years it will have to lead to differentiation of the masses, to individualization within the framework of Socialist society. At the beginning of this process stands the propaganda for 160 varieties of cheese. What will be the further development, once the most urgent needs are satisfied? Two years ago, when it seemed doubtful whether the new tractors and the complicated machines would ever work, whether distribution under a planned economy would ever function, this question seemed a futile speculation. Today it demands a concrete answer.

One works, one learns with reeling head, one still has little or no time; but the period of renunciation is over. One buys, eats one's fill, dances, one discovers private life. A new epoch has dawned in the Soviet Union.

II. Berlin Revisited

By Friedrich Sieburg

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt Coördinated Daily

I OFTEN arrive in Berlin by the night train from western Europe, past the stations of the *Stadtbahn*, from *Charlottenburg* to the *Friedrichstrasse*. The city rises slowly from deserted suburban streets, bare greenswards, dismal summer shanties, and brand-new small-home developments. It becomes a canyon which forces into its own course the stream of life impinging from without, subjecting it and mastering it unsmilingly. A bit of park, the *Tiergarten*, provides one more chance to catch one's breath. A soft, purple haze hangs between the trees; intent riders are working out their horses; there is a glimpse of a water course; then the houses close in almost threateningly around the railway.

Ready to get off, I stand at the window of my compartment, looking at the advertisements on the naked house walls, into the open windows of the backyard tenements, where people

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are dressing, and housewives are putting the feather beds on the balconies. The cross-streets slowly glide past my view; they resemble each other to a hair; their asphalt is covered with a fine moisture, into which the first cars have drawn long shiny trails. Everywhere there stand milk wagons—why are there so many more of them in Berlin than in other large cities? When it is spring time, the foreboding of buds lies like a soft green radiance upon the trees in the streets.

My heart beats, half for joy, half for self-consciousness. I am glad to recognize the city again, but at the same time my heart is oppressed by an emotion that has not weakened in all the years of departures and reunions—indeed, that may thereby have gained in clarity and force. No sooner do I see Berlin before me than I feel myself abruptly thrust into all the doubts, apprehensions, and problems that are at the heart of the German being. To be a German is a great destiny and a hard one, from which no one can escape who really loves his country. How great and how hard is felt most strongly in Berlin, in this city which, as it were, offers the keenest and most acute embodiment of German evolution. The Germany that has already taken shape lies elsewhere; the future—as hope, as will, and as danger—lies here.

No one could imagine that the city is a cross-section through Germany, or even a mirror focusing the wealth of the German peoples and regions. Berlin is at once less and more, for, failing to give a cross-section through our country, it gives one through our destiny. Like a flash they become visible, even comprehensible—the suffering and conflict of our times, the predilection to struggle against chaos, to recognize the intrinsic value of the Movement, the close juxtaposition of endless problems with the briefest of programs—in a word, the entire state of the German mind, so hard to grasp.

Once upon a time the city—in a cruel phrase—was called non-being lifted into being; should it not rather be called formlessness raised into form? The form of a nation that up to now seemed to defy all form becomes palpable like a presentiment. As yet nearly all is rough stone, exposed to the charged air. But one can see where the chisel has been set and where the hard chips are springing off.

The mood which beats against me every time in Berlin is a mixture of danger and hopefulness. Optimism in its most naïve form lives in intimate connection with age-old fatalism and dark foreboding. If at every reunion the darkness prevails in my heart, it is because of the circumstances of my life in Berlin. My loyalty to Berlin is and remains entangled with fear because my strongest impressions of the city are of the dark years after the War, and because unwittingly I still see it at the brink of the same chasm. At that time Germany, tired unto death, fell back into her own shadow. The urge to live was still there, but it had withdrawn into the individual, and there was nothing left for the whole. That was fateful for this city, which is not made for looseness and relaxation—be they good or bad—and which can truly live only in a conscious tension of all its energies. Berlin disintegrated, the plaster crumbled, the paint peeled, through the shabby, torn garment one saw—nothingness!

And yet, for those who did not want to go under, it was the great hour of

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meditation. This sad city seemed to speak for all Germany, seemed to proclaim warningly that there was no peace for the German except at the price of disintegration and decay. Against the hopeless background of these streets, swept by the icy winds of winter, against the dismal decay of the façades, against the life that silently hid away in damp and shady corners, I read a lesson which has never left me—the lesson that the German walks ever but a hair's breadth from the abyss and must never, never stand still lest he fall.

II

With my own feet I have conquered every stone of the streets of Berlin. We walked then, endless miles, for carfare was high and generally there was trouble with whatever form of transportation one would have used. It is a long way from *Gross-Reinickendorf* to *Belle-Alliance* Square, from *Pankow* to *Charlottenburg*, especially at night. One deserted, dead city seemed to adjoin the other; steps sounded against the dead walls of the houses; every now and then one came on a barbed-wire entanglement—a pale boy's face beneath a steel helmet looking across it: some young volunteer of the Reinhart Regiment, or the Cavalry Guard Rifle Division. Even when free passage was obtained, one had to climb over a maze of wire rolls, lumber, and sand sacks, to find a new street opening, endless, empty, closed off in the distance by another obstacle.

Once my father visited me—it was March, 1920. I gave him my bed and slept on the sofa in the other room. The next morning, when we awoke, there was a general strike—there are children now in Germany who do not even know the word. There was no subway, no trolley, no cab—nothing. We lived somewhere on *Berliner-strasse*, not far from the *Charlottenburg* Castle. My father had some business with the Ministry of Transportation on the *Vosstrasse*, I believe. We walked to the *Knie*, then through the *Tier-garten*, where some troops were camping under the trees. We walked and walked—my father was seventy-two then—and we talked a great deal. Now and then he stopped to catch his breath, and I was so happy when he leaned on me a little. The crocus had broken through the earth, the thrush sang and the old man spoke of the time when he was young; at last he came to his experiences in the Franco-Prussian War, and we fell back into step. At the Brandenburg Gate our progress stopped. The place was teeming with young warriors in steel helmets, and with staring bystanders. Up above, beside the chariot on the Gate, a machine gun was being mounted. My father saw it and smiled, I do not know why; but that quiet, fresh smile under the white mustache I shall not forget.

That is long past now, and I do not know whether I may insert memories of so personal a nature into my explanation of my loyalty to Berlin. Perhaps I may, for this walk from west to east was an act of self-assertion to which Berlin challenges one time and again. Not to give up, to resist, to survive! More than that! To remain tense, not to stop, onward, onward! Even today, whenever I see Berlin again, this call awakens within me. But I shall not conceal that it possesses an almost irreconcilable seriousness, which falls like a shadow across my

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path. Are we really destined never to rest? Shall we always fall a little short of the goal, even on the threshold of our home, even at our own hearth?

III

If there is an answer at all to this tortured question, it will most likely come from Berlin. Here restlessness becomes stone, structure—and still remains restlessness. Here motion becomes the masonry foundation—and still motion continues. Here yearning becomes fulfilment—and still the heart of man does not stop consuming itself in yearning. Have we lost forever the sense of duration, and gained in return so much time that all that lasts seems like death? Loyalty to Berlin means the tireless sowing of seeds on ground grown dry through need and disintegration, yet still far from solid. Stone from quicksand—that is Berlin.

Here no knight rides forth twixt death and devil. Here no Melancholia lets fall her compass. Here no Saint Jerome sits in his cell, lost in thought, yet clairvoyant. Here run no wells where the wanderer may slumber, while the hermit humbly pastures his horses. Here no moon rises across the meadowed valley—silently, lest the little sleeping brother be disturbed. No, no rest is offered the heart, no support but that tirelessly presented by one's own will, to serve as a basis for further sorties into the infinite. Is it a sign of eternal youth? At any rate this city is too young to have been formed around an already proven historical nucleus. Now it gains its shape from the masses, and thus derives its life from the new, the coming shapers of the world. The forces turn about, but the center around which they revolve turns with them.

It is not enough to say that Berlin points to the future and is thus the most alive of all the cities. One must recognize that the future, with its conscious and fundamental renouncing of luxuries which still lighten today the life of many people and nations, with its war-like nakedness, and its readiness to sacrifice, can be thought of as truly human and bearable only here. Everywhere, in all the cities of the world, which seem to live like flowers, one feels the irresistible flight of all things. One is determined or condemned to lose. Only in Berlin can he who still wants to hope feel that the future may not consist of nothing but losses.

That is why loyalty to Berlin for him who lives and works outside is not merely burdened with care and foreboding, but also winged by that confidence which time and again tears the German away from the rim of the abyss. If nonetheless a gentle pain, the barest hint of pain, prevails, I shall no longer investigate it too thoroughly. I shall resign myself to the fact that a feeling gnaws at my vitals, as though I had forgotten something without discovering what it was really about. A fragrance reaches me, but I do not succeed in recognizing whence it comes. A melody stirs, but I can no longer assemble it. A goal is in my mind, but I cannot think of its name. And thus I go my way.

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With this bucolic story, a promising young Flemish writer is introduced to American readers for the first time.

The Good HORSE

By ANTOON COOLEN
Translated by RUTH NORDEN

EIMERD was a doughty fellow, tall and squarely built. The cut of his mouth was a little crude and hard. His arms were like oar-shafts. When he really hauled off, everything went down before him. Hanna, his wife, was a bit smaller, but she too was made of a good clod of earth, and took right hold of the farm work. Weekdays it was she who milked the cows,—in the clearing near the house during the summer, in the stable during the winter,—and when the milk shot into the tub, she sang a song in time to it. Sundays it was Eimerd's turn to squat on the milking stool under the cows. The cattle were milked three times a day, as was the custom in the land.

Hanna took care of the hogs and stood at the stove. She did all the housework; she baked the bread in the bake-house; her butter always turned out well; and when the rye was ripe, she paced the field behind Eimerd, binding the shocks—she was a good hand at it—and setting them up. If Eimerd was the swiftest mower, Hanna was the swiftest binder. She never fell behind him. Together the two got the work done; if they could not get along by themselves, the hired man came for a day.

All was well between the two. Yes. But there was no child, though they had been married four years. None came, and they wanted one so badly. One day Hanna sat down and cried.

'What are you crying for?' Eimerd asked.

He got no answer, but, after all, you could guess why she was crying.

Eimerd went into the fields, walked without looking up, pondered the matter. Spring had settled quietly over the land; the young year sang in the sun and in the wind. Evening came and the new day, the Annunciation of Mary, the holiday. And around noontime, as they rose from their meal, Hanna said to her husband:—

'Eimerd,' she said, 'you milk the cows and take care of the cattle and the hogs and the goat and the horse. I'm going to go to Ommel.'

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'Good,' said Eimerd.

Good, he thought, and was quietly happy. The woman dressed and left. She stepped across the threshold. She was smaller than Eimerd, but she seemed tall as she strode through the door. The path soon came to an end and she followed the road, with its wagon ruts. Spring was blue over the fields, the early green was deepening, and the rye shot up merrily. She went through the fields and, walking quickly, left behind her the much trodden path and the fencing. All around the foliage of the trees grew denser. Yonder lay the village.

She took the narrow path along the hurrying brook, with its turbid murmuring water. She passed puddles in the clay where the sun drew a silvery glitter from the milky water, while the soft wind rippled the surface. Onward, ever onward. Carefully, on a buckling plank across the water-course, then for a while on the ridge between two ruts, and finally at one bound across the dry ditch on to the high road to Ommel.

The sun on this last March day shone warmly. This was the way things stood with Hanna: she had put the question and listened inwardly; she had hope; but no answer came. She strolled along on the dusty road by the green field, by the woods, which were of a still deeper green, onward to the place of mercy. The sun shone on her black coat, and on the delicate cleanliness of her smooth damask bonnet, with its bright birds and bunches of grapes. Thus she strode along. And beside the black of her coat there swung to and fro from her work-reddened hand the rosary whose beads she was counting—ten 'greetings unto thee' and again ten 'with thy joyful secrets:' that of the message of the angel Gabriel and of Mary's visit to her cousin Elizabeth. Thus she strode along. And she prayed for the intercession of the Most Pure Mother, of the Immaculate Mother. To her, the Mirror of Justice, the Rose of the Spirit, the Morning Star—to her she prayed.

Then she sat among the people in the sunny little church during the benediction, and her heart grew still under the mysterious, sweet compulsion of the Magnificat: 'My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior. For he hath regarded the lowly state of his handmaiden.' A virgin who had come over the mountains had sung this song in times far gone, and in an ancient country far away. Now, not understood, but deeply conceived, it sounded in a soft, open heart, beating in folded hands.

Hanna turned homeward through the twilight of the quiet day. The moon shone red through the blackness of the clouds, bright like a solitary window. Hanna entered the house at even-tide; there her man was waiting. He returned her 'Good evening,' and they sat down quietly beside each other at the hearth. Eimerd had filled his pipe and smoked it down. In a few words Hanna had told of her going.

Outside was the early night; the trees were motionless, and the rye stood upright. The moon cast the shadow of the window cross on the floor beside the open bed-niche, where husband and wife lay together, deep in slumber.

II

Somehow it happened, days afterward, heaven knows how—there may have been a hair in the soup, or money misplaced, or the cattle neglected, or

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whatever else there is of bad things in this world. Who knows how it came about? There was strife. Eimerd grew bitterly angry at the woman, and Eimerd was one of those who forget themselves completely when they grow angry. It rose up under his hair, beat down into his stomach, and swelled in his veins. Nearly blind he grew with the fury that rose up in him, and all that was good in him seemed swept away. How he went at his wife with evil words and hard as she stood before him! A chair was overturned, and the clock which was just striking could not be heard for all the scolding and noise. Eimerd saw it—how there was a pale flash through the shy gaze of the woman. Her retort enraged him. With a crash he pounded his fist on the table until it bent. His brain reeled, and with a fearful curse he screamed at his wife:—

'You damned bitch! Hold your filthy tongue!'

Suddenly it was quiet—a silence in which the ticking of the clock could be heard, the slow ticking. The evil word, the 'hold-your-tongue' were like a blow in the soul of the woman. The coarseness of the man had shattered something—it lay in fragments—and she was silent. The quarrel was over. Eimerd went outside and Hanna remained in the house.

The quarrel was over, but the air was thick and evil between the walls. The room was full of tightness, and when they sat at their evening repast it was still as death. A cow bellowed until the dark stable reverberated; the evening wind brushed past the window; the horse in the stable rubbed his chain back and forth—all this made the stillness deeper and more anxious. There they sat—two people under the kerosene lamp at the brightly scrubbed table, silently eating the bread from slow hands, and silently sipping the hot coffee from the flowered cups. The evening stretched out. Eimerd smoked his pipe. Into the constraint of the quiet room blue clouds of tobacco smoke rose all around the yellow light of the lamp. Perhaps this quieted the man's mind, for at last Eimerd again said a word; but there was no answer. This enraged him anew. The woman sat there sunk into herself and brushed her hand across her face. That was all. He got nothing out of her, no matter how much he nagged and belittled.

'God damn it, can't you talk any more?'

She only looked at him. She lifted her eyebrows, and from now on the corners of her mouth remained lowered. It was clear she no longer desired to speak. Her tongue had become paralyzed. That is what the evil temper of the man had done.

Silently they went to bed. In solitude Eimerd lay on the bed, behind the young woman's back. The brightening moon came in, high, cold and strange. Hanna brooded and swallowed at her grief; deep inside her the idea had taken hold that never in her life would she be able to say another word to her husband; it tortured her and did her good at the same time. She had been deeply hurt; now she took revenge, now she defended herself—what else could she do? She enjoyed gnawing and worrying it and thinking out how her husband would feel it and how he would rue his brutish excess.

The great silence began. Possibly next morning, and all day, Hanna felt the desire to give up the quarrel and to meet her husband with a word. But

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it was as though her throat were tightened, and her tongue lay thick and paralyzed in her mouth. She could do nothing against it.

Truly, never could she speak and never could she give in. Bitter lines grew around her mouth, and her gaze grew wide open and rigid. That gave her face an expression of pain and suffering and deep astonishment. The morning, the livelong day passed in silence, and Eimerd—he forced himself to resist with the same silence. That was painful and strange. If a word came up, it came from Eimerd; it was evil, unwilling, and full of anger, because it was for nought and because he did not succeed in remaining silent as completely as his wife. The whole farm was transformed. The stable, the house, even the land looked as though they were under another sky. There was an evil air in the house, and from the clay floor there came, quietly and distinctly, a rumbling when the horse stamped in the stable. Thus passed the second day, and the third, and the whole week.

III

On Sunday, after ten o'clock mass, as Eimerd stood at the bar of Mieke's 'Lion,' he told Tijmen Goossens, the sixty-year-old village tax collector, what had happened. He pulled him aside from the end of the bar, out of the noisy throng in the inn, where they had been standing among the farmers, under heavy clouds of tobacco smoke.

'Tijmen,' he said, 'I have been quarreling with my wife lately. She hasn't spoken a word since. What do you think of it? She doesn't open her mouth any more.'

Tijmen Goossens withdrew the thin mouthpiece of his long clay pipe, and used it to rub the shiny rim of his great blue-red ear. He shook his head and said nothing.

'Tijmen,' Eimerd said, 'it's no laughing matter. I'm telling you in confidence I can't get a word out of her. She keeps silent!'

Tijmen replaced the pipe between his pale, narrow lips, and let out a few little clouds. 'A woman who holds her tongue—that is a real marvel, Eimerd. Take care that it lasts. I wish I could bring mine to do it.'

That was the opinion of Tijmen Goossens.

Eimerd came home and again felt the anxious silence about him. They ate their lunch like two stricken dumb, and Eimerd, hardly done with the last mouthful, rose and went out into the fields. That Sunday there came to him many strange and peculiar thoughts. Late in the afternoon he came home. His wife sat in the twilight, while outside the spring evening came on slowly. Eimerd went into the stable, lit the lantern, squatted in the sparse light on the milking stool under the cows, and drew the stream of milk from the taut udders. When he had milked the cows he went to the horse's stall to take care of the horse—the good brown gelding with the black mane. The horse stood still, as he always did when the day darkened. He turned around toward Eimerd, turned his head sideways from the delicately curved neck. Eimerd patted his neck for a long while—the horse liked it. Then Eimerd lightly patted the smooth hindquarters, lifted the lantern to the hook, filled the feed box with oats, and broke pieces of black bread into it. He spoke under his breath to the animal, which looked at him with large shiny

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black eyes, mirroring light and darkness. The horse stuck his soft blunt nose against the sleeves of Eimerd's smock, and blew a warm breath through expanded nostrils. Then he lifted his head and immersed it into the darkness of the feed box, snorting loudly and violently a few times—the oats tasted so good. Eimerd laughed deep inside himself.

Eimerd had thought up something. He had lain silently behind his wife all the night and had gone to his work early in the morning. When he came to eat at noon he brought the horse with him into the house.

Good God, here was something, truly strong medicine! The great brown gelding strode in, stooping under the door jamb, and then throwing his head up high to the ceiling beams. He strode in so that the clay floor resounded under the fourfold hoof-beat. The shining rump swayed rhythmically, and the long mane flowed from the neck. The horse gazed in astonishment from beneath the hair that fell onto his forehead. His gleaming body was free of all harness. Between the small, stiffly erect ears there was a bright white spot on his forehead, regularly shaped like a window pane—a star, half concealed under the tousled mane. Thus he entered, the brown, over-sized, with heavy tread and massive rump. He stood still. He filled the entire entrance. He seemed to cave out the ceiling. He looked into the embers of the fire, and toward the woman, and at the dish, full of steaming turnip-soup and meat, which stood in the middle of the table.

In her astonishment Hanna came very close to opening her mouth. But she saw her husband standing there. So she bethought herself quickly and took hold of herself—even now she could do it. She drew up the chairs and sat down at the round table where she always sat. Eimerd took a loaf of dry black bread from the box on the wall beside the hearth, and with his pocket knife cut it into bits which he put on the table beside him.

Then he drew up his chair and sat down. He clicked his tongue in a manner familiar to the animal, and it approached. The farmer and his wife crossed themselves and silently said their prayer. Between the two the horse's head intruded. Man and wife reached for the fork and helped themselves. Still chewing, Eimerd laid down his fork and offered the horse a piece of bread. The horse turned his head toward Eimerd and scattered the crumbs on the scrubbed table top with his breath. He lifted his soft, dry, black lips, sniffed at the bread, bared his broad yellow teeth, extended the rosy, warm, moist, thick tongue, took the bread and hastily chewed it with the grind-work of his flat teeth. He demanded more and received another piece of bread. He nodded thanks with his good head. The strong jaws, curving in the rear, did their work, and he nibbled and smacked with pleasure. His eyes looked right and left, at the farmer and his wife, looked at them quietly and friendlily from their deep blackness. Openness and depth, contentment, goodness and intelligence, they all spoke from the velvety sheen of those eyes. In his nostrils and on his black lips little bold hairs were arranged, visible only at close range.

The brown feasted with the humans as though he had been used to it all his life. His beautiful rump and the floor about him were spotted with

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sunshine. The copper disk of the lazy pendulum in the case of the grandfather's clock lit up with every swing. Softly and gently the horse swished his flanks with his tail, lifted his hindquarters and passed the edge of a hoof along his yellow-brown, delicately veined belly, the skin of which twitched quickly every now and then, then put the hoof down on the hard clay floor with a thump.

Hanna sat silently at her food, occasionally threw a timid glance at the horse's head high above the table between herself and her husband, and looked at the horse, who bore his life with such serenity and strength in his mighty body and in his shod hooves. Hanna saw how he ate from her husband's hand. Perhaps she was a little angry at first. But now she quietly rejoiced. After all, it was Eimerd who had been fooled. He had probably expected to elicit a word from her when he brought the horse into the house. After the meal they crossed themselves again. Eimerd gathered the last crumbs of bread, placed them in his hand and held them to the lips of the horse. Then he wiped off the sticky saliva on the leg of his trousers and ordered the horse to turn about in the room, which was done with much stamping and scraping. His wife stayed. She saw the high rear of the horse swaying off. The tail waved her a good-day.

The next day the same thing happened, and again on the days following —for two weeks, a month and even more.

Eimerd had said to his wife:—

'The brown will eat with us in the house until you begin to talk again.'

Even to this statement he got no answer. Alas, the woman may have been long past her anger, but, strangely enough, it had become her fixed purpose not to break the silence she had vowed. It no longer had anything to do with the quarrel. She had locked herself in and built a fence around herself—a high fence she herself could not surmount. Of an evening on a quiet day she sometimes felt the desire to say something. But only when she was quite alone, when her husband was nowhere to be seen, did she softly whisper a few words under her breath, glad to have them all to herself. She spoke to the chickens too, when she scattered feed, and to the hogs, when she poured the mash into the trough, or to the cows, when she poured out the dishwater outside. Sometimes, turning toward the fire in the hearth, she muttered softly to herself. She addressed the bread as she shaped it from the well-prepared dough. She sat before the door and watched the swaying tree tops.

IV

Summer was approaching mightily, opening one's heart with an abundance of sunshine. In the shadows before the gate on the carefully swept clay ground she saw little feet and the play of tiny hands. They seemed to embrace her heart and reach for her mouth. But when her husband came, his step cut off her voice and abruptly constricted her throat. No will was strong enough to lure a word from her mouth. No longer was anything left of her resentment. Perhaps it was some quirk that forced her to silence, an inability to pursue any other course. Constantly she thought: 'I cannot, I cannot do it.' And indeed she could not. At first she had been resentful; in the first days the unshed tears had troubled her heart. Now her sorrow

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was old. Perhaps nothing but surprise had remained.

At dinner, when she raised her eyes from her hands, she saw only the horse. He ate from the feed box, which stood on a chair. Leisurely he raised his head, chewed zealously, bent down, and gently shook his fine mane. It had come to the point where he no longer had to be called. When Eimerd had unbuckled yoke and cinch before the barn, had hung the harness on the barn door, and had taken the bit from his mouth, the horse automatically went into the house and to his place. He was well content to sojourn with the farmer and his wife, to ogle their hands and to eat his bread and oats. He was silent like the humans, but he was used to it and contented. If only there had been no flies! They settled in little swarms in the corners of his eyes. He winked and chased them off. They flew up and settled again. They settled all over his body, no matter how often the twitching of his skin, the swish of his tail, and the stamp of his hooves drove them away. They flew off and settled again. They seemed to sting for the fun of it; ever again they thirsted for the good horse-blood. Hanna cut leafy branches from the hedge and often brushed them along the horse's body to fend off the vermin a little. Eimerd looked up, but he said nothing.

The rye was ripening in the field; the lark filled the sky with its song; the cornflowers and the red poppies shone from the borders of the blond grain. A woman strides through the house, strides across the floor of the barn. She enters from the cool green of the orchard, sunshine resting upon her and shadow. Outside beneath the little trees, between the bright trunks, stand the red-brown, spotted cows and graze. Hanna stops for a moment on the threshold and leans against the squat door frame. Before her in a semicircle she sees the white jostle of the chickens, and, amid them, the proud gait of the rooster. The grunting of the hogs sounds through the rails of the sty. The goat is grazing on the fallow field, lifting her head now and then and bleating. As far as the eye can see, the good rye stands ripe. The summer—Hanna can see and hear it. Something has happened to her. Yes, to be sure, it is nothing special—only fear and joy and a hope. Inside of her a new bit of life lives that the earth may grow. The will of the earth is wrought in Hanna, the humble handmaiden. For many days now she has known it and kept it to herself.

V

One evening, as the house grew dark, Eimerd came in. Hanna lit the kerosene lamp; the light fell on the brightly scrubbed table, and the darkness drew its cloak about the woman and the man. She sat before him, her hands quiet on the table top. Her heart overflowed, and she broke the silence. She told her husband; she put it in words. Perhaps it had not remained hidden from him. Now she said it. For a moment she trembled with the incomprehensible joy of being able to say it. The farmer listened. He was silent, and he was as close to her as she to him. They were man and wife. The evening laid its hand upon their hearts and upon their house.

The following day the horse remained in the stable, and it remained there all the days that came. It stamped its hooves on the floor of the

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stable in surprise and resentment; it did not grasp the change. With sparse words the farmer and his wife spoke over their lunch and evening meal—they were worried, they were glad. They counted the months and wrote the approximate date on the calendar, far ahead in the year. The horse remained in his stable. Now all was well between them. It was agreed—the horse remained in the stable, and no longer entered the house.

From now on they were really no longer alone. Wherever their thoughts might stray, always there was that little something for which they waited. When they spoke, they spoke about it, even though with few words. All their pondering moved around this thing that was to come. And Hanna, when she bent over, felt it in her body, bore it already in her hands, marked by motherhood. When she stood lost in herself, she saw it with her own eyes. This year, when the rye was mown, Eimerd hired a woman to do the binding. She ate with them in the house for a few days. When the shocks stood a deep yellow on the fields beneath the blue sky, when the two of them again sat alone at the table, Eimerd and Hanna began to look at each other strangely. Perhaps Hanna started it—she behaved so strangely and peculiarly. They ate their bread, their heads turned to the dishes, but whenever they secretly glanced aside they saw that something was missing.

Outside in the stable the horse stamped, tugging at his chain, rubbing it against the wood, and neighing softly. So it went day after day, for many days. At last Hanna said:—

'I don't know. . . . When you have become so used to it . . . I can't get over the brown no longer eating with us and no longer coming into the house.'

Eimerd was a thoughtful man. He said nothing. But when Hanna said that, there must have been a good reason. He thought it over carefully, and found that she was right. When Eimerd left the stable to go in for his meal, he saw how the horse's head turned after him with a frown. Eimerd did his work, heaping the rye into stacks. Later, he hitched the horse to the plough and turned over the stubble. He called his 'whoa' and 'giddap,' and the horse quickly drew a moist furrow with the shiny ploughshare.

At the evening meal the farmer and his wife looked toward the wall behind which the horse stirred discontentedly. Indeed, Eimerd had had to stand before the door with arms spread out to turn away the brown and drive him to the stable. Then, at dinner, they missed the familiar presence of the good animal, his glances, his shifting to and fro, his demands, his gratitude.

VI

One day Eimerd went to the village, to old Luthers, the mason. He made arrangements. Next day Luthers was there. He went into the stable, measured with his eyes, and came back into the room. He placed his rule against the wall nearest the stable and drew lines with his broad, flat mason's pencil. Then he began to hack away with hammer, chisel and crowbar, so that the rubble beat a tattoo in the house and in the stable on the other side. He opened a hole three feet square and plastered the rough stone with mortar which he carefully finished with trowel and float. Well, that

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was done! Eimerd laughed and Hanna laughed with him. The mason cemented some hooks under the opening in the wall, and Eimerd put together a feed box with a descending top. Then, when Eimerd and Hanna sat at their meals, it happened quite naturally that the horse stuck his head from the darkness of the stable through the hole in the wall, reaching down for his fodder as if that were the proper way.

From now on he was with them again. He whinnied softly and greeted them in joy and friendliness. Day after day he was their companion and was in their life, in the familiar room. He could see the table and the chairs standing against the wall and under the window, and the broad bed. He could see the farmer's wife go about, and he pricked up his ears whenever a word fell.

When the new seed had been sown, it began to freeze—a hoar frost at first, and then, one night, a little snow. The rigid fields lay aged and gray beneath the fog. The chiming of the distant church had sounded away over the fields and the nights were black. In the deep darkness it began to snow thickly one night, and daylight with its red ball of sun came up on a gleaming white world, upon which lay a hint of delicate red and blue. There was no horizon, and the houses and cottages lay shrouded. Thick clouds of smoke towered over the low chimneys.

At such nights the stars rustle, the sky stands in flower, and the stillness resounds. The days and the nights—they descend into the heart of eternity.

Inside the house Eimerd kindled a great good fire of peat. In the bedstead lay the woman. In the cradle of brown braiding lay the little bundle. It had been sought in prayers from heaven; it had been sent like the dew from heaven—from the heaven spread over the holy night sounding with the stillness. A man. A woman. And the child. And the horse in the stable. He stretched his great head out of the darkness, full of curiosity. He pricks up his ears at a new clear sound; with his great eyes mirroring the hearth-flame, he looks at the new precious property which the house shelters. He follows with his eyes as Eimerd lifts the child, wrapped in the sheet, from the cradle to his arm before his broad chest, and lays it in the careful hands of the mother. She stills the little hunger, gives all her warmth, her whole heart; she sees nothing but the thirsty child at her breast. The walls of the house move closer together. All the light gathers in the purity of her look, which shines out above all that is mortal. The earth can hold no more.

As Everyone Knows . . .

Everyone knows that the liberal Koscialkowski-Kwiatkowski Cabinet is weak, and that it hangs on a precarious balance of liberal ministers against illiberal colonels, with Soznkowski and Rydz-Smigly in the background.

—From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London

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The well-known authority on political economy, Mr. Harold Laski, discusses the men and the issues which are likely to dominate Spanish politics in the next four years, while a correspondent of the *Journal de Genève* describes the current situation in the Argentine.

Spaniards *on* Two Continents

A Latin Lectionary

I. Four Years to Rebuild Spain

By Harold Laski

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

WHEREVER men still care for progressive social experiment, or the ideal of intellectual toleration, for the kind of State in which the power of wealth is to be subordinated to the interest of the common man, the victory of the Left in the Spanish elections will be welcome.

It is not, directly, a victory for Socialism. It is the victory—immediately more significant—of a union of all Left forces, from the Social-Radicalism of Azaña through the Socialism of Fernando de los Rios, to the Marxian views of Caballero, against the clerical-Fascism of Gil Robles, the great landowners, the industrial millionaires, and the Church.

It means—if there is no *coup d'état* from the Right, and if the Left are wise enough to maintain their present unity—four years in which to consolidate the ideals for which the Revolution of 1931 was made.

The Left was far from certain of a victory at all. It has won, primarily,

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for two reasons. First, the working classes have resented profoundly the bloody repression of the Asturias rebellion of 1934; the Left victory means the pardon of some thirty thousand political prisoners.

Second, nearly three years of Tory government have convinced the masses that Gil Robles and his allies are merely the monarchy writ larger and more brutal. There is no hope for them in a continuance of that rule. The masses and the intellectuals have joined hands in the service of a progressive régime. The next task is to consolidate its foundations.

Do not let us underestimate their difficulties. They will need to master the banks. They will need drastically to reform the higher ranks of the army and to assure its loyalty. They will need to break up the large estates in the interest of the poor peasants.

Not less than any of these things, they will need widespread educational reform. Ten years of profound progressive legislation are essential if Liberal Spain is to be given its letters of credit.

There are long years of leeway to be made up. There are old and stubborn prejudices to be overcome. There are wide differences within the Left to be bridged so that an unbreakable unity of purpose confronts its enemies.

The Right is rich. It is well-disciplined. It does not shrink from either illegality or repression. It will take advantage of every weakness in its opponents' armor. I hope the Left will remember that the consolidation of their victory does not concern Spain alone. The elections were a triumph for the anti-Fascist forces of Europe. To guarantee that it endures is to give new hope to civilization in the darkest hour it has known for many years.

The Left has the men to do it. Señor Azaña, their leader, is the outstanding figure of the new Spain. We should call him a Left-wing Liberal in England. His great asset is character. He has courage, energy, determination. He relies not upon ingenious maneuver but on driving a straight path to his goal. In his previous tenure of office he showed an awareness of the central issues that was impressive; he dominated Spain in those years.

Señor Caballero is the outstanding trade union leader. In the last ten years he has moved rapidly to the Left. In personality there is something akin to Ernest Bevin about him. He is aggressive, dominating, insistent. He never stops fighting. There is, too, a certain relentlessness about him which has been sharpened by the grim experience of these last years. His treatment by the Robles régime has given him a special hold upon trade union opinion. Now his task is to build its emotions into a coherent ideology.

Intellectually, Don Fernando de los Rios towers above his colleagues. It is not yet certain that he has been reëlected to the Cortes, as his opponents made a dead-set against him in Granada. This gentle professor is one of the noblest intellectuals in Europe. There is something of the moral beauty of Gilbert Murray in him, but with a deeper fighting quality. He was a great Minister of Education in the last Azaña Government, and as Foreign Secretary he gave new life to the position of Spain in the League. A Left Socialist, he is hated especially by the Right, which cannot forgive him, granted his distinguished forbears, for having thrown in his lot

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with the working class; and the clericals hate him because he has always fought their power over the education of Spain.

I think he will have as much influence as anyone in keeping the forces of the Left together; for none knows better than he that the breakdown of the present union means something like Fascism on the Hitler model. Don Fernando is one of the little group of Spanish intellectuals who have kept alive there the noblest traditions of European free thought.

Prieto, no doubt, will return at once from his exile in Paris; and Señor Companys will go from behind the prison walls to preside over the autonomous government of Catalonia.

Both of them are men of sterling quality who have learned much in these last years of what it means in a brief period to transform a State which, morally and intellectually, still largely lived in the mental climate of the seventeenth century into a twentieth century society.

II

It is, I think, unlikely that any of the leaders now will under-rate the difficulties of their task. Their knowledge of the reaction will have taught them that, hard as is the ascent to power, its maintenance is a still more difficult business.

They have to control followers of fiercely varying shades of opinion—Bakunin anarchists in Barcelona and Saragossa, ardent Syndicalists in the Asturias, passionate devotees of Moscow in many of the big cities, peasants with the mentality of those French agrarians who broke the yoke of feudalism in 1789.

All the drive and energy of Azaña and Caballero, all the delicate tact of Don Fernando will be needed to move all these forces on a united front.

The chance is real. For the victory has meant that the common man, in the face of unprecedented effort from the Right, has determined that the Left be given the chance to build upon the foundations of that creative passion which made the Revolution five years ago.

It is an immense responsibility for the simple reason that it is the last chance of constitutionalism in Spain. It has to be pursued without revenge, for that would drive the Right to desperation. But it has also to be pursued without weakness, since there are forces in Spain, especially in the alliance between big business and the Church, ready to seize upon the first signs that the grip of the new régime falters.

The Right is likely to be a powerful opposition in the Cortes, that can be restrained only as the united Left maintains its integrity unimpaired. If there is once a schism within its boundaries, the prospects of reaction will become bright once more.

Every Socialist, I think, should therefore seek for Spain the sense that the next four years are above all a breathing space within which to strengthen the progressive forces, to translate their purposes into the minds and hearts of the people unshakably.

Spain, in the long run, needs Socialism as Europe needs Socialism. But in the next immediate years the essential task is for Spanish Socialists to make their principles emerge as the logical next stage on a road travel down which must be more devious and indirect than they can easily like.

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They must remember, as they collaborate, for how much they stand trustees. It is not often in history that the makers of a new world are given the opportunity peacefully to build its foundations. Let them make these secure before they settle the design of the superstructure.

II. The Argentine Recovers

By C. Hillekamps

Translated from the *Journal de Genève*, Geneva Liberal Daily

NEWCOMERS from Europe who would like to get an idea of the political situation in the Argentine by reading the papers might find themselves believing that the country is on the eve of a revolution. Political scandals are the order of the day; the tranquillity which General Justo's seizure of power, two years ago, seemed to have achieved appears now to be endangered; the opposition, hardly alive only a short time ago, is beginning to lift its head; everywhere one hears criticisms and complaints. Mr. de la Torre, one of the most redoubtable democrats of the opposition, has just brought into the open the 'meat scandal,' in which the Government is implicated since the refrigerating industry has not paid its taxes in full. The discussions in Parliament on this subject have exasperated passions and even brought guns into play. The provincial elections of Buenos Aires and Cordoba have been accompanied by violence and bloodshed.

Since the death of the ex-president, Irigoyen, the opposition has been led by Dr. Aldear, who had previously deserted its ranks. It is reinforced by the Radicals and the Socialists, both of them especially powerful at Buenos Aires. Its main accusation against the Government is that it falsified the elections. At Cordoba, where twenty-eight radicals went armed to supervise the ballot, there was a violent clash with the police in which one radical and seven policemen were killed. Both parties claimed to have been attacked.

The political thermometer seems to indicate fever.

Nevertheless, the revolution has not yet come, although the Government has perhaps become a minority one. But the decisive factor in the Argentine, as in the rest of South America, remains the army. Now the Argentine army is powerful and loyal. Its leaders believe that the Radicals, with their deplorable economic theories, must be held back for at least five more years. After all, the army did not evict Irigoyen's Radicals to reinstall those of Aldear. It is afraid that the Radicals will bring back the financial crisis of 1929–30. (It is an open secret that many Radicals of note were politically ruined at that time.)

But what is the reason for this growing opposition in the country? The accusations directed at the Justo government are not easy to understand. It cannot be denied that the Justo régime, which succeeded legally General Uriburu's revolution, has saved the country from a financial catastrophe. The Argentine owes its safety above all to the energetic measures taken by the Minister of Finance,

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Mr. Pinedo, nicknamed 'the Salazar of the Argentine,' an ex-Socialist, whose decrees were hard but necessary in this emergency.

He has introduced direct taxation, hitherto unknown, and increased the land, inheritance, and consumer's taxes. At the end of 1933 the Government resorted to devaluation and then to strict currency control. Under these circumstances Mr. Pinedo proved his great abilities in financial manipulations. The State buys up foreign currency from the exporters. It fixes for it an artificial market value of 15 pesos a pound. This currency is then resold to the importers at a price twelve to fifteen per cent higher. The whole transaction is carried out by the Central Bank, which was founded in 1935. In this way the importers receive only the currency coming from countries which buy the Argentine merchandise, and so the exchange balance is assured. The importers from countries which do not use this means of exchange find themselves compelled to buy the currency on the world market, where prices are considerably higher.

By these means the State proposed to fix the price of cereals. It owes its success principally to the drought which paralyzed North American exports and put a premium on Argentine wheat. Buenos Aires for this reason hardly needed to help the operations along: it was able to save the equalization fund which the Government provided for the purpose, and used it instead for the construction of granaries which are very useful in releasing the farmers from too great a dependence upon cereal production.

Intelligent measures and a little luck have served to set the Argentine on the road to economic recovery, the symptoms of which are fairly bursting on our sight. After the drought of 1934, this year's European armaments—Italian and English in particular—are creating a market for Argentine leather, wool, and cotton. The development of exports makes it possible to resume the payment of foreign debts. Prices of the principal agricultural products are rising. The only exception is the price of meat, the rise of which is of paramount importance (perhaps because they hope to sell it eventually to Italy).

Only corn production is lagging, and this alone would not justify the existing opposition to the Government. But political discontent need not necessarily have economic causes. Governments in Latin America wear out faster than anywhere else. This is the trouble with General Justo in the Argentine, with Mr. Vargas in Brazil. But Justo will remain in power: there is no doubt about it. He has an excellent Minister of Finance, a no less skillful Minister of War, and a devoted army. These things are what really count the most.

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

French Literature Today

WRITING in the *Listener*, the weekly organ of the British Broadcasting Company, Mr. Denis Saurat, who is Professor of French Language and Literature at the University of London, describes the present state of literature in France:—

Literature seems to be in a slack period everywhere. England is not supposed to be my province here; and a Frenchman has to be polite. Germany is obviously off the literary values; the news we get from Russia is not reassuring. Neither Spain nor Italy surprises us frequently or much. America?

As for France—France has had a great literary period of which the central figure was Proust. Many people, after adoring Proust without reading him, now consider him settled and are quietly forgetting him or occasionally make a casual and contemptuous reference to him. But Proust stands now safe, with Balzac, and the very first among the great ones.

In his time were a few more great ones; not so great, but true Marshals to this Napoleon. Their work seems now mostly to be over. Paul Valéry is greater than Mallarmé. Alain is far superior to, say, Sainte-Beuve (there is no connection, and I am not distributing prizes, but trying to give a rough idea of sizes). Supervielle will wear as well as Théophile Gautier, for instance; and so on. Gide and Claudel, for neither of whom do I feel so very much reverence, are placed by many in the front rank. But so far as we can see that generation is not being replaced by anything of that rank at all. I remember the excitement of the year 1910, when the *Nouvelle Revue Française* was being founded and the air was teeming with future masterpieces. The young men of today have no such feelings.

Several things have happened since about 1930. First we became more or less satiated with Proust and Valéry and all they stood for. Malraux, Chamson, Giono, the later Montherlant (of the *Célibataires*) are on a totally different tack. But we cannot tell yet whether they will make good. Then the economic crisis changed the literary market: literature had been a commodity that paid; it became a commodity that does not pay. The political crisis overshadowed everything. Proust and Valéry had no politics. Malraux is an ardent communist; Chamson a violent radical; Montherlant has changed his opinions, I gather; Jean Richard Bloch is far to the Left; our own gentle and amiable André Maurois is violently insulted both by those who think he is a radical and those who think he is a bourgeois; and so on. Jules Romains is freely accused of political ambitions. But in this new world after 1930, Hitler, the Common Front, the Bank of France are subjects which put at a disadvantage all literary values. The Briand-Austen Chamberlain-Stresemann period was much more favorable. And the public no longer buys books.

Paris is a tangle of literary intrigues of which the aim is, naturally enough, the making of reputations and of money. There is little wrong in this, as literary men have always been after the legitimate rewards of their trade. But the reputation and the money are not made on literary values, as they were, say, in the time of Lamartine and Hugo, or, in a totally different world, in the time of Corneille or in that of Pope, or even in the beginning of this century. Roughly speaking, the credit went to merit, for a discerning public chose, on the whole, what was best. Now the discerning public is much too limited in numbers. The sales are with a

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huge mass of uneducated readers who follow mass movements; and the mass movements are engineered by parties. I do not think that the number of the real connoisseurs has diminished; on the contrary, I believe it has substantially increased, in France as in England. But they have been swamped by multitudes of the uneducated who have been taught to read. Every good writer is tempted to become a bad writer in order to raise his sales to 50,000. And many bad writers naturally flourish.

France is disastrously divided into Right and Left. Right is Catholic and capitalist—conservative; Left is radical, Socialist, Communist and anti-religious. The bourgeoisie buys books; the Left does not buy books. The Right rules over the really best-selling big reviews, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Revue de Paris* and over most of the literary weeklies. The critics, in order to earn a living, have to write under orders. The worst is that these orders do not even need to be given them, as the critics are only too eager to anticipate them: otherwise they are turned out of their places. And since, besides, the critics are mostly novelists who have to criticize each other's novels and can retaliate on each other's sales, and since the publishers finance most of the reviewing, what is to be done? Literary criticism has practically ceased to exist. The *Nouvelle Revue Française*, which has a great tradition and is still partly upheld by the splendidly independent spirit of such people as Gide and Schlumberger, is yet a battlefield of contrary tendencies. It puts up a brave fight and publishes Catholic as well as Communist writers; but thus it only reflects the surrounding chaos, and what else can it do?

I would like, with due apologies, to mention my own case—which was taken as typical by the *Chicago Tribune* on just this theme. I published last year a *History of Religions* in French. It was very widely reviewed. Not one per cent of the articles dealt with either its value as scholarship or its literary value. (It was more a literary than a scholarly attempt.) Like well-drilled troops, all the newspapers of the Right condemned the book because it was not a Catholic book; and all the newspapers of the Left condemned it because it was not an anti-religious book. A better illustration of the state of things in France can hardly be found. Charitable readers may be pleased to know that the French public took no notice of what the critics said and bought the book well. So my censure of the critics cannot be attributed to disgruntlement.

For, naturally enough, another feature of the situation is that the cultured public has ceased to take any notice of what the critics say. Probably the worst fact of all is that the critics themselves have ceased to believe what they say. The literary values have been swamped in political stunts in which religion itself is used to cover party publicity.

Of course, really, all that is of no importance. What is actually the matter with literature, in France as everywhere else, is that at the moment there are no great predominant personalities; no geniuses, if you like the word. Therefore business reigns. But there is no reason to despair of the future; genius, when it appears, mostly comes into its own, as Proust and D. H. Lawrence have proved; but we cannot have geniuses all the time. Meanwhile we can always comfort our minds with the masterpieces of the past, which, in any case, we never study sufficiently. The present excitement in France over Kierkegaard, who died in 1855, is a good example; and since the excitement seems likely to extend to England, as proved by E. L. Allen's book (*Kierkegaard: His Life and Thought*. By E. L. Allen. London: Stanley Nott. 1936.), and also to change the reader's thoughts from an unpleasant to a pleasant subject, I shall end by quoting a passage from Jean Wahl's excellent article in the *Nouvelle Revue Française* of April, 1932. Kierkegaard does duty instead of a great French writer now

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missing. And Jean Wahl proves that some serious critics, after all, do still exist in France:—

'L'angoisse est liée à l'esprit. Moins il y a d'esprit, moins il y a d'angoisse. L'esprit c'est en effet la force ennemie qui vient troubler le repos du corps et l'innocence de l'âme et leur calme union. L'esprit éprouve de l'angoisse devant lui-même. Il s'exprime d'abord comme angoisse.

'En réalité l'angoisse est partout chez l'homme; elle est dans le paganisme, devant l'ambiguité des oracles, devant celle du destin; et d'une façon générale, la beauté grecque est profondément, inexplicablement souffrante. On dirait qu'elle est angoissée devant l'absence d'angoisse.

'Plus l'homme est élevé, plus il est angoissé. Au Mont des Oliviers, Dieu dans l'angoisse se sent délaissé de Dieu, et demande à Judas de faire vite. Et Jésus Christ sera en agonie jusqu'à la fin du monde.

'Mais de même qu'il y a une angoisse devant le mal, il y a une angoisse devant le bien, et nous sommes ici dans la sphère du démoniaque diabolique. Or, il y a un tel démoniaque dans chaque homme, aussi sûrement que chaque homme est pécheur. Ce n'est plus la possibilité de la nécessité, c'est-à-dire le mal, qui est angoisse, c'est le bien, la possibilité même de la liberté.

'Se plaçant dans la lignée de Boehme et de Blake, devançant Rimbaud, Dostoievski et Nietzsche—Kierkegaard écrit: "Le domaine du démoniaque aurait besoin d'être éclairci."'

Shakespeare under Hitler

A VIOLENT controversy over Shakespeare has arisen in Germany. It was started by a certain Hans Rothe, who has been trying for many years to replace the 'classic' and almost sacred Schlegel-Tieck translations by his own, which attempt to present Shakespeare in a modernized version. The Schlegel-Tieck translations have been the most successful among the scores of Shakespeare translations of the last one hundred and fifty years. Rothe claims that these romantic translations have now lost their popularity, and he has been trying for some ten years to put over his own version of Shakespeare, which, he maintains, is better adapted to the present-day mind, as well as to the modern stage. He attempts to present the genuine Shakespeare, freed from all the dross of inferior co-authors. His theory on this latter point is based largely on the so-called 'sound-analysis' of Professor Eduard Sievers, who has devised a method of analyzing the sound and has found that each writer's diction is just as unique as a fingerprint, thus rendering it possible to distinguish the styles of one writer from another. Rothe is supported by the German producers, who to a large extent play his versions (although they have to pay royalties for them, while the old versions, of course, are free of charge). He is strongly opposed by philologists, academicians and a large number of critics who charge that his German is slangy and his methods semi-scientific.

One might have thought that on so eminently unpolitical a subject as this, a little honest difference of opinion could be tolerated even in the Third Reich. But apparently not. Recently Dr. Goebbels, Minister of Propaganda and Public Enlightenment, announced that he was about to appoint a committee of experts to decide once and for all which translations should be sanctioned. After the decision has been rendered it will presumably be unlawful to use the translations which lose out.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

American Neutrality in British Eyes

THE former editor of the London *News Chronicle*, Mr. Aylmer Vallance, visited the United States recently, speaking to audiences of various sorts, and observing the political and social scene. Upon his return to England he contributed the following impressions to the *New Statesman and Nation:*—

The European student of affairs who visits the United States in this 'election year' phase of President Roosevelt's administration may be pardoned if he sails for Europe a sadly disillusioned man. That is, supposing him to be a Socialist, or one who pins his faith in a League of Nations' system reinforced by American adhesion. For in that case, between gang-plank and gang-plank, he will have sought evidence that America desires constructively to establish at home a saner, juster economic order, and abroad to play in international politics a fuller, more responsible rôle. He will have sought, but not found.

Twice in the past twenty years the mass-emotion of the least logically-minded nation on earth has been stirred and directed to idealistic ends by leaders who were, in one case, an inadequately informed visionary and, in the other, a partially sincere sentimentalist. President Wilson spellbound the American people in a period of fine-phrased emotionalism, and led them to think temporarily in terms of world order and justice. The bill for idealism—shed American blood, clamorous veterans, war debts unpaid—was heavy. Wilson died, defeated and unmourned; Kellogg framed Pacts; kindly, stupid Stimson courted Sir John Simon's acidulated snubs over *l'affaire japonaise*. The American man-in-the-street reculti-vated indifferentism; he 'had had some' in the sphere of foreign affairs; the domestic 'ticker-boom' of the late twenties was good enough for him.

And then came crash and panic. In that chaos of closed banks, nation-wide unemployment and the vast disarray of capitalism 'in a jam,' Franklin D. Roosevelt imposed himself momentarily on the imagination of America as 'the man who knew a remedy.' Manned by 'experts,' brain-trust at the helm, the ship of state was set on a course whose land-fall was to be 'controlled' capitalism, justice for the under-dog, reasonable prosperity for all. But today—half the crew marooned, the compass lost overboard, the ship swings idly, becalmed. Only the captain, who never really believed in any attainable harbor, continues to smile indomitably on.

What has happened? Let Russian Ned, sometime hand on a Volga barge, now American elector on 'relief' work pay-roll, who conversed with the writer on a hurricane-wrecked strip of coral beach midway between Miami and Key West, supply in part the answer: 'One buck sixty a day. Dat's lousy. Can't do more dan youst keep body and soul togedder. Now if dey wanted to give us peoples a break, why not give us youst one hundred dollars? Den I start hot-dog wagon near Miami. Make fortune—one year, two year, sure.'

Significant, this comment, not merely of the traditionally 'solid South's' ingratitude for WPA benefits received; it is symptomatic of the whole American nation's attitude towards fate and the future. That field-marshal's baton in the private soldier's knapsack; that imperishable hope, which keeps civil peace in the proletarian hovels of Pittsburgh and Baltimore; that great 'if:' if only 'a break' be vouchsafed by luck, Packard cars, Park Avenue apartments, all the carefree enjoyments of successful materialism are within a man's grasp.

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It is a '100 per cent American' attitude of mind which has done more than anything else to smash Roosevelt's electoral prospects and drive America, in reverse gear, towards self-centered isolationism. New York City—Europe's westernmost metropolis—is not America; Wall Street's perfervid animosity against the New Dealers would of itself cut little electoral ice; the 'Save the Constitution' Liberty League—officered by hard-shell corporation lawyers and financed by the du Pont armament interests—would be a 'flop,' were it not that the philosophy of individualism in its crudest, early Victorian form still hypnotizes the soul of America. The dark days of the depression have been firmly put out of mind, though they may still linger in the subconscious as a submerged complex. 'Get under' is once again no longer a terror, because 'get on' is, to all seeming, a realizable hope.

The Republican Party—James (Judas) Warburg, Roosevelt's former confidant and white-headed boy, now the Administration's ablest and most devastating critic, directing the political Broadway rhapsody—has been quick to 'cash in' on the recovery. Is the building industry reviving, and are real estate values on the upturn from Boston to San Diego? Are Manhattan's 'Nite Clubs' (*anglice* supper bars) turning customers away? Do nickels and dimes flow with increasing 'velocity of circulation' into the eleven hundred 'fruit' machines on which Huey Long and his successors have based their political tyranny over New Orleans? The credit accrues, so the predominant voices of press and broadcast have it, to the G.O.P.'s innate virtues, those forces of rugged individualism which have built skyscraper towers, hired royal suites on transatlantic liners, persuaded Chicago's quiet, decent wage-earners that the meanest racketeering gangster in Cicero is a hero *contra mundum*.

THE cold, uncomfortable truth is that America today is engrossed by calculations appertaining to the ambience of Monroe thought. Recovery—and it is real, if yet only nascent—is talked and charted, not in a world sense, but in terms of a continent (very nearly self-contained) which stretches from Hudson's Bay to Terra del Fuego. And in that preoccupation with domestic chances—Uncle Sam's 1936 economic Sinn Fein—interest in the European imbroglio is faint, remote and academic.

Could it be otherwise? Always must one reflect that in the judgment of the most liberal-minded, enlightened Americans the refusal of the United States to become a member of the League was an act not merely of prudence but of high thinking. The League system, viewed across three thousand miles of storm-vexed sea, appears (even to the cosmopolitan eyes of New York) to be an integral part of the Versailles Treaty mechanism—a political device whereby the 'Haves,' England and France, intend to buttress against the 'Have Nots' the advantages gained by arms in no matter how many centuries. In that arena of blood and sand the American people decline today to play any personal part; they do not want even to throw their hats into the ring.

There are, of course, the phil-European cliques, derivative from America's queer racial snobbery, at whose weekly dinners the itinerant Englishman is impressed to speak, and whose first toast is 'His Majesty.' But this is an absurd, unreal veneer on the solid wood of American life. The real America today is profoundly suspicious of European statesmanship, deeply resolved not to be embroiled in the next war, whose outbreak within a decade is accepted as inevitable.

For one brief moment only, last autumn, did America begin to wonder if, after all, there might not be something in the 'collective system.' Though the cynics whispered 'electioneering for the Peace Ballot vote,' public opinion in the States was undeniably impressed by the stand taken at Geneva by Britain in defense of

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the principles of the Covenant, and particularly by Sir Samuel Hoare's hint that the machinery of the League might be used, not merely to stereotype the *status quo*, but to remodel 'access' to colonial possessions. For some weeks America was inclined to modify its original belief that England cared less for the integrity of Ethiopia than for the preservation at all costs of the All-Red Route to India. But the mood was short-lived; the shock created in America by the Hoare-Laval peace plan was profound; every suspicion of Franco-British sincerity was revived in accentuated form. America once more turned away in revulsion from a Europe whose statesmen, it seemed, could never get away from the old, fatal game of 'power politics.'

It is idle to hope that this final disillusionment of America can be readily dispelled. Unfortunate in the possession of an Ambassador who has got himself badly on the wrong side of the press, England is definitely *mal vu* in American eyes at this critical juncture of world affairs. The oil embargo is regarded with suspicion as a device whereby the United States could be dragged in to pull the League chestnuts out of the fire. Public opinion is visibly stiffening against any 'neutrality' legislation which would give the Executive discretionary power to weight the scales against a League-condemned aggressor. Whatever views of international morality may be entertained in the White House, the prevailing mood today in New York bar, Ohio small town store, Louisiana roadhouse—wherever '100 per cent America' meets to talk—is: 'Count Europe out; ourselves alone.'

The Impassioned Preacher of Royal Oak

An American correspondent of the *Corriere della Sera*, Milan Fascist daily, has sent back to his paper the following enthusiastic account of Father Coughlin, the 'impassioned preacher of Royal Oak':—

When Father Coughlin speaks over the radio all America listens. The banker in Wall Street drops his talk about business and listens. The farmer, lost in the far reaches of the West, interrupts his afternoon nap and listens. The young men in the gymnasiums; the sick in the hospitals; the frequenters of elegant circles; and the crowds of workers from the small suburban places—all listen. Blacks and whites, Catholics and Protestants, millionaires and unemployed listen, but especially those millions of individuals who belong to the *petite bourgeoisie* of the country, which forms the backbone of present-day America and to which the preacher of Royal Oak addresses himself, at four o'clock in the afternoon every Sunday, as to his most faithful followers.

Nine years ago, when Father Coughlin began to deliver his first sermons over the radio, his name was completely unknown, the sanctuary of the Little Flower was a tiny country church attended by scarcely fifty people, and the words of his sermons, broadcast by a small radio station in Detroit, were heard by no more than a few thousand radio fans. Today Father Coughlin is the most popular man in the United States. The Sanctuary has become the goal of enormous pilgrimages; the radio network used for the broadcasts includes thirty-five stations covering the whole nation; and the army of listeners, for the most part organized into an association which has taken the name of 'National Union for Social Justice,' is coming to be a political force capable of disturbing seriously, if not of upsetting completely, the old balance of the traditional parties.

Indeed, to say merely that Father Coughlin is the most widely heard speaker in America is to say too little, because the preacher of Royal Oak, until a few years ago the modest priest of a still more modest country parish, has now become the authoritative head of a vast social,

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economic and moral movement which, translated into terms of political action and focused on the definite carrying out of its program, might someday undertake the task of renovating the ruling circles and the administrative organizations of the United States—a renovation which is today one of the most insistent aspirations of the American people.

Bundled up in an ample cloak and wearing a gray felt hat pulled down over his eyes, Father Coughlin continues to be for all the parishioners of Royal Oak a good country priest ready to hurry wherever his sacred duty calls him. But in his voice there vibrates an energy, secure and serene, which dominates and conquers. It is thanks to this energy that he has been able to broaden the spiritual confines of his parish from one shore of the United States to the other, and that his flock has been transformed into a disciplined and faithful army.

'We shall continue to struggle with all our powers,' he told me, 'against the aberrations of a voracious capitalism, against the menace of a disintegrating and oppressive Communism, and for the triumph of the Christian principles of social justice.'

Then he turned to the subject of the Italo-Abyssinian conflict and the League sanctions.

'As an American, and in the interests of the American people, I shall not weaken in my fight against the political force which in this country is seeking to drag America with the tow-lines of English banking capitalism or Russian Communism against the Italy of Benito Mussolini in order to increase the sanctions, which are so much the more iniquitous and ignoble because they have been undertaken to damage a great and civilized nation. The sanctions will not overthrow Italy. They are the result of a plot which has been slowly woven with the active support of international Masonry, the exponents of high finance, and of Communism, all allied at Geneva to defeat Fascism. Now, since Masonry, high finance, and Communism are also *our* enemies, as Americans and Catholics we shall not abandon the struggle until the conspiracy has been completely frustrated.'

Hommage à Philadelphie

HERE is another fragment from Pierre Girard's impressions of America, which have been appearing in the *Journal de Genève:*—

Shall I love you someday, Philadelphia, Philadelphia, where in the restaurant-bars Angels bring luscious roast-beef? I already love the murmuring of the wind as it blows around the churches, and, above all, the absence of mystery, which becomes very mystery itself. And later, when I have explained America to my friends for long stretches, and no one thinks of asking me about it any more, I shall discover new reasons for love, and new melodies not heard before.

The tiny street, with its similar houses, red brick, '*guillotine*' windows framed with white stone—as one walks along its sidewalk, with its uneven flags, it ends by winning your heart. And one could spend his life following this street, which, under a thousand names and a thousand numbers, comes back again and again to offer itself, in the South as well as in the North. The garage and the church, the red and blue paint, and the gothic gray, the electric sign, and the convocation of the faithful, in gold on black—why should not all this form one of those memories which, suddenly, their day having come, sigh, awake, and sing?

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BOOKS ABROAD

Mr. Keynes Solves the Riddle

The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money. *By J. M. Keynes. London: Macmillan and Company. 1936.*

(G. D. H. Cole in the *New Statesman and Nation*)

UNEMPLOYMENT is, in the view of most people, the disease that is threatening our present capitalist societies with destruction. There are, indeed, some who protest that unemployment is not an evil, but will be a positive good as soon as we consent to convert it into leisure and to distribute it aright among the whole people. And there are others who maintain that unemployment is not a disease, but only a symptom of something far more deeply wrong with the economic systems under which we live. But against the apostles of leisure commonsense urges that until most people are a good deal richer than today most of them will prefer more goods to more leisure if they are given the choice. And against those who regard unemployment as no more than a symptom it can fairly be argued that the distinction between symptom and disease is not so absolute as rhetoric can make it appear.

At all events most statesmen and most economists profess to be in search of a cure for unemployment and to regard this quest as at any rate one of the most important economic ends. The trouble is that they differ profoundly about the methods that are calculated to secure their object. Of late years quite a chorus of voices—from the City, from the business world, and from the academic groves of Cambridge and London—has been assuring us that the abnormally high unemployment of post-War years is the consequence chiefly of the 'rigidity' of wages—that is, of the folly of workmen under Trade Union influences in valuing their labor at higher rates than the market will bear. Let wages fall till they coincide with the 'marginal productivity' of the last laborer, and all will be well. So we have been told, with so much punditory self-assurance that it has been quite difficult for the plain man, confronted with a series of unintelligible equations, not to begin thinking that it may perhaps be true.

There have been, of course, other voices —Mr. J. A. Hobson's, for example,— preaching a very different doctrine and telling us that 'under-consumption' is at the root of all our difficulties. What is wanted, on this showing, is more consuming power; for ultimately the entire volume of economic activity is necessarily limited by consumption. Investment is useless unless there is a market for the consumers' goods which it can be applied to making; for *all* demand is, in the last resort, a demand for goods and services to be consumed. But these voices, in respectable circles, have been drowned by the outraged clamor of the orthodox. 'Under-consumption' has remained a disreputable heresy; and of late, though Marx himself can be quoted on its side, Communist Marxists, such as Mr. John Strachey, have denounced it with hardly less gusto than they have directed against the more orthodox view—presumably because when they are dealing with capitalist or other non-Marxist economists they work on the principle of 'the horrider, the better.'

But now there comes, from one who is no Socialist and is indisputably one of the world's leading economists trained in the classical tradition, a book which with all the armory of the classical method pushes at one blow off their pedestals all the classical deities from Ricardo to Wicksell, and all their attendant self-canonized sprites from Vienna and the London School, and puts in their vacant places not indeed Marx, but Mr. J. A. Hobson and the late Silvio Gesell. For Mr. J. M. Keynes, after

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many uneasy years of wandering amid the classical abstractions—years whose *stigmata* are still upon him—has discovered that after all, in the matters which practically matter most, Ricardo and Vienna and London and Cambridge have all this time been talking nonsense, whereas Gesell and Hobson (and Malthus in his most maligned moments) have had hold of the right end of the stick.

Mr. Keynes is evidently conscious of the supreme challenge which his new book offers to the entire economic practice of capitalism, and to the relevance and conclusiveness of the fundamental economic theories put forward by most of his academic colleagues. Otherwise, he would hardly have published at five shillings a book of nearly four hundred pages which most trained economists will find stiff reading and most other people at some points wholly beyond their comprehension. By putting the book forward at such a price, Mr. Keynes is saying in effect: 'This is no ordinary book. It is a book that *has* to be understood because it really matters. It marks an epoch in economic thought.' And, in claiming this, Mr. Keynes is, without the smallest shadow of doubt, absolutely right. His new book is the most important theoretical economic writing since Marx's *Capital*, or, if only classical economics is to be considered as comparable, since Ricardo's *Principles*.

IN THE challenge which Mr. Keynes has thrown down to his orthodox colleagues, there are, of course, many elements that are not new. Indeed, Mr. Keynes's most signal service is that he has brought together, coördinated and rationalized many criticisms of orthodoxy which have hitherto been ineffective because they have been disjointed and unrelated to any clear body of fundamental theory. There are many points at which Mr. Keynes's alternative construction is open to challenge. But it does give the critics of economic orthodoxy solid ground on which they can set their feet.

There is no space here for more than the briefest indication of Mr. Keynes's arguments. His book is in form chiefly an attempt to determine the underlying conditions which in a capitalistically organized society determine the actual volume of unemployment. The classical economists, either explicitly or more often by implication, have been accustomed to set out from the assumption of 'full employment' as normal, and to prove their general theories without regard to the possibility of variations in total employment, treating the actual occurrence of unemployment as a deviation from the normal, due to some exceptional factor such as monetary mismanagement or the rigidity of wages. Mr. Keynes himself, in his earlier writings, had not got far from this method, though his explanation was different, for he formerly traced unemployment largely to divergences between the 'natural' and the market rates of interest. But he has now seen that for the economic system as it is 'full employment' cannot be treated as normal, and that the problem is to devise an economic order which will secure 'equilibrium' on a basis of 'full employment' and not by preventing booms at the cost of making semi-depression permanent.

Mr. Keynes now sees the factor which determines the total volume of employment under capitalism as the maintenance of investment at an adequate level. This seems, at first sight, to put him sharply in opposition to the 'under-consumptionists;' but actually it makes him their ally. For the will to invest depends, in Mr. Keynes's phrase, on the 'marginal efficiency of capital,' which may be roughly translated as the marginal expectation of profit from investment over its entire life, as far as this is actually taken into account by the investor. This expectation, however, depends absolutely on the demand for consumers' goods; and accordingly the maintenance of investment at a satisfactory level depends on the maintenance of consumption.

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In orthodox theories, consumption and investment stand in an antithetical relation. But Mr. Keynes is able to show the falsity of this view, except on the assumption that the available productive resources are being fully employed. More consumption, he shows, stimulates more investment, as well as more investment more consumption, up to the point at which full employment has been secured. In his earlier work, Mr. Keynes stressed the difference between 'saving,' which is mere abstinence from consumption, and investment, which is the positive use of the 'saving' in the creation of capital. He now restates his doctrine, so as to emphasize that, while from the collective standpoint 'saving' and 'investment' must be equal (for the only way of *really* saving is to invest), the processes of individual saving and individual investment are wholly distinct. Accordingly the attempts of individuals to save can, from the social point of view, be rendered wholly abortive by the failure of entrepreneurs to borrow these savings and apply them to real investment; and this failure, wherever it occurs, is bound to cause unemployment.

Mr. Keynes believes that failure of this sort is an inherent defect of the present economic system, and that it can be cured only by public action, taking at least three related forms. He wants the State to control the supply of money so as to secure its adequacy for maintaining full employment; and this involves a repudiation of the gold standard, or of any fixed international monetary standard, and also a decisive repudiation of all those economists who wish to stabilize the supply of money. Secondly, he wants the State to control the rates of interest (mainly by adjusting the supply of money) in order to keep these rates down to a point which will make investment worth while up to the level of 'full employment.' This involves a complete repudiation of the orthodox view that interest rates are self-adjusting to a 'natural' level. Thirdly, he wants the State largely to take over, or at any rate control, the amount and direction of investment, with the object of maintaining full employment on the basis of a balanced economic development.

These are Mr. Keynes's most fundamental points of advocacy. But perhaps most attention of all will be popularly focused on his views about wages. For he reduces to sheer absurdity the prevalent view that lower wages are a cure for unemployment. He begins by pointing out that this view rests on a fundamental confusion of thought between money wages and real wages. It assumes that, broadly, these can be spoken of together, and that if workmen could be persuaded to accept lower money wages, their real wages would fall. Actually, he points out, real wages have often risen when money wages have been reduced, and he offers reasons why this should be so. The reduction in money wages, unless it is expected to be soon reversed, sets up an expectation of falling costs and prices, which positively discourages investment by reducing the 'marginal efficiency of capital.' Thus instead of increasing employment, it reduces it, even if it raises the real wages of those who remain in work. Mr. Keynes considers that the tendency of Trade Unions to keep up money wages in times of depression is positively good for the capitalist system and makes the depression less severe than it would be if the workmen yielded to the blandishments of Professor Robbins and his like.

There is in Mr. Keynes's challenge an enormous amount more than it has been possible even to mention in this necessarily brief summary of his central argument. But enough has been said to show that the book is one which must, sooner or later, cause every orthodox text-book to be fundamentally rewritten. It is true that Mr. Keynes's conclusion is not that we should destroy the system of 'private enterprise,' but only that we should drastically refashion it. Mr. Keynes rejects complete Socialism, and looks forward to a

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society in which private and collective enterprise will live together, but the *rentier* class will have practically disappeared—for the maintenance of full employment with the aid of investment kept up to the requisite point by State action will, he thinks, reduce the rate of interest almost to vanishing point.

But this part of his argument is but briefly sketched in his closing chapter and is not a necessary deduction from his analysis. What he has done, triumphantly and conclusively, is to demonstrate the falsity even from a capitalist standpoint of the most cherished practical 'morals' of the orthodox economists and to construct an alternative theory of the working of capitalist enterprise so clearly nearer to the facts that it will be impossible for it to be ignored or set aside.

[*Mr. Keynes's* General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money *has been published in the United States by Harcourt, Brace and Company of New York. The price of the American edition is $2.00*]

Law and the League

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND THE RULE OF LAW, 1918–1935. *By Sir Alfred Zimmern. London: Macmillan and Company. 1936.*

(Gilbert Murray in the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester)

PROFESSOR ZIMMERN, or, as we should now call him, Sir Alfred, writes with knowledge and authority. What is more, he writes with wit, vividness, and charm. He has succeeded in what to most people would seem the impossible task of writing not merely a valuable but a positively exciting and almost thrilling book about the League of Nations.

Of course he pays a price for these advantages. That is inevitable. In the handling of his material he selects and rejects ruthlessly. In the expression of his conclusions he seldom gives much consideration to opposing arguments; he has a taste for paradox and for 'chastising whom he loves.' One remembers the brilliant lectures he used to give at Geneva, criticizing day by day the proceedings of the Assembly on the day before, and how a member of the half-submissive and half-indignant audience which crowded to hear him once exclaimed that the League was nursing a serpent in its bosom. 'Not a serpent,' said his companion, 'only a bee or a wasp whose stings will cure its rheumatism!' Some of the harshest criticisms in his book are directed against General Smuts and Lord Cecil; he quotes with praise a highly sophistical attack on Geneva by Signor Grandi, and he applies the epithet 'heroic' to Mr. MacDonald's disarmament policy!

His analysis of the Covenant is extremely interesting. He finds in it five strands, one of them new, the other four derived from pre-War diplomacy but improved out of all recognition. First, a Concert of the Powers, not confined to the Great Powers, at which any nation whose interest is concerned must be present. Secondly, a 'universalized Monroe Doctrine,' guaranteeing all members against external aggression. Thirdly, a vastly improved Hague Conference, with permanent organs for inquiry, mediation, arbitration, and judicial settlement of disputes. Fourthly, an extension of the idea of the universal postal union to cover all kinds of international 'public utilities.' Only the fifth is definitely a product of post-War thinking: 'an agency for the mobilization of the hue and cry against war as a matter of universal concern and a crime against the world community.'

No less acute is Sir Alfred's division of the League's history into four phases—to which the reader may devoutly hope that a fifth will succeed. First, an embryonic condition up to 1920 in which—as psychoanalysts will be pleased to hear—irreparable harm was done affecting the poor thing's whole lifetime. The desertion of the United States; the retreat of Great Britain from its 'hue-and-cry' responsibilities

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under articles 10 and 16; earlier still, the dropping from the Covenant of the proposed clauses for the 'removal of economic barriers and the establishment of an equality of trade conditions,' for 'equality of races and religions,' and for the 'prohibition of the private traffic in armaments.' Perhaps these provisions could not have been carried even then, when minds were really on the move and nations ready to make sacrifices for peace; but one looks back at them in 1936 as a drowning man might look at the raft that he once rejected and which is now out of his reach.

Next came a period of struggle and enthusiasm, in which particularly the Secretariat found its strength and developed into a great international service under the guidance of such men as Sir Eric Drummond and Sir Arthur Salter for the League and M. Albert Thomas for the I.L.O. This period culminated in the Protocol of 1924, a brave attempt to make the League into all that it was intended to be and all that various Governments, especially the British, were determined it should not be.

Then came a period first of retreat and then of cautious and successful advance: the rejection of the Protocol and its replacement by the Locarno treaties; the decision of Sir Austen Chamberlain as Foreign Secretary to attend the Council regularly and to make the League not a sort of idealist extra but a central part of the work of the Foreign Office; the cooperation, achieved just once and never again, of England, France and Germany under Chamberlain, Briand and Stresemann; the entry of Germany into the League, the evacuation of the Rhineland five years before it was due, the gradual dropping of reparations, and the dawning hope of a European union.

Then in the fourth stage came two great disasters, the death of Stresemann—the one man who could convince his countrymen that on grounds of pure *Realpolitik*, with no Liberal or idealist nonsense, Germany's interests demanded a policy of international coöperation—and soon afterwards the world-wide economic blizzard.

Two Englishmen struggled hard against the flood of reaction and narrow nationalism that now set in: William Graham and Arthur Henderson; but the tide was too strong. Instead of coöperation there was xenophobia; instead of a growing freedom of trade a savage effort by every nation to build its own prosperity on the ruin of its neighbor; an intensification of economic distress which led to the triumph of the most dangerous elements in Japan, Germany and Italy and to bitter internal struggles elsewhere; to war after war which the League failed to stop; and, lastly, to the disaster which dominates the whole of our present policies, the failure of the Disarmament Conference and the consequent rearmament of Germany. Sir Alfred treats the whole question of armaments as a matter of minor importance, but he will find few students of the subject to agree with him.

There ends the fourth period in an atmosphere of defeat, reaction, and imminent fear of war. Is that to be really the close of the story? Sir Alfred says more than once that there is no such thing as a 'League of Nations' policy. Perhaps the truth is that there is such a thing, but it cannot exist in a world of economic nationalism and competitive armaments.

[*Sir Alfred Zimmern's* The League of Nations and the Rule of Law *is to be published in the United States by The Macmillan Company of New York. The price of the American edition is $4.50*]

Pre-War Diplomacy

Before The War: Studies in Diplomacy. *By G. P. Gooch. Volume I: The Grouping of the Powers. London: Longmans and Company. 1936.*

(J. L. Hammond in the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester)

THERE can be few persons in Europe—there are certainly none in England—who have so thorough a knowledge as Dr.

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Gooch of the history of Europe in the anxious years that led up to the Great War. In the book published today he has chosen a most interesting method of making his knowledge at once useful and entertaining to his readers. In a series of vivid sketches he has taken five of the Foreign Ministers who were concerned in the high politics of the time and discusses the problems they had to face, the nature and importance of their contribution and their own qualities of character and intellect. In this way the reader can decide for himself a number of interesting questions: how far, for example, public opinion was a force in the days of secret diplomacy, how far this or that politician succeeded either in his larger or his smaller aims and how far those aims promoted or damaged the general interests of Europe.

Dr. Gooch uses for the most part documents that reveal the inner history of events rather than public speeches, and this, of course, adds to the dramatic interest of his pages as well as to their value. His method has a further advantage. It enables the reader to look at different situations in turn from different points of view, and it helps him to realize what a strong case each actor believed he could make for his own policy. The men studied in this volume are Lansdowne, Delcassé, Bülow, Izwolsky, Aehrenthal. A later volume will be devoted to Grey, Poincaré, Bethmann-Hollweg, Sazonoff, and Berchtold. It is safe to say that the two volumes will form a commentary of incomparable importance on the history of the great game of chess that ended in the war.

The Poets of 1935

The Year's Poetry. *London: Bodley Head. 1935.*

(Siegfried Sassoon in the *Spectator*, London)

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY I went to see my Aunt Eudora. In spite of having been born on the day of the outbreak of the Crimean War, she was looking remarkably well, and it soon became apparent that she was as vigorous and emphatic as ever in the expression of her opinions. Aunt Eudora is, among other things, a sound judge of poetry. Always a believer in keeping abreast of the times, she has watched many poetic fashions appear and pass away, while maintaining her own sturdily independent attitude toward them—an attitude based on a solid grounding in the best poetry from Chaucer onwards and sustained by the possession of what she calls 'a nose like a hound for anything first-rate.'

On January 1, 1936, however, she wasn't in the best of tempers. In her hand was a small book bound in orange-vermilion cloth, and what it contained had evidently distressed her.

'I can't make head nor tail of the poetry of the year 1935!' she exclaimed, almost angrily, though she is by nature a good-natured old lady.

'Whatever made you buy it?' I asked.

Her tenaciously retentive memory enabled her to reply: '"It is unique as the anthology which, year by year, can give a really adequate idea of the poetry that is being written in our time." That's what one of those Radical weeklies said about the book, so I sent for it.'

As an afterthought she added: 'It won't be long before I'm in the next world and I want to have something new to tell dear Mr. William Morris when I get there!'

Aunt Eudora had, from her girlhood, been faithful to pre-Raphaelitism, which was, she maintained, 'a Movement and not a Fashion, in spite of all those mawkish artistic females who went about swathed in garments of dim green arras, spouting Dante Rossetti's poems. I always stuck up for Christina,' she said, 'and nobody denies now that she was the best of them.'

Suppressing a strong desire to keep her talking about the great Victorians—she had once been in a cab accident with Robert Browning, and George Meredith

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had enphrased her as 'handmaid to Creative Spirit on tip-toe'—I persuasively removed *The Year's Poetry* from her lace-mittened old-ivory hand, passed her the filigreed smelling-salt bottle, and suggested that we should investigate the up-to-date volume in cerebral collaboration.

'We'll just dodge about and see what we can make of it,' I remarked. 'The poets are arranged in order of age. The first dozen or so are either safely established or past praying for, so we'll leave them alone. But before we start, just repeat a few lines you're fond of, so that we can begin by reminding ourselves what poetry used to be like before 1935.'

'They have no song, the sedges dry,
And still they sing.
It is within my breast they sing,
As I pass by.
Within my breast they touch a string,
They wake a sigh.
There is but sound of sedges dry;
In me they sing.

'That's by Mr. Meredith, and it's good enough for an old stick like me.' She spoke bluntly, but there had been a catch in her voice while she quoted. And I wondered to myself—and not for the first time either—whether any poetry matters except the poetry that springs direct from the heart.

A little reluctantly, perhaps, I opened the book, and gave her the opening stanza of *In the Square*, by W. H. Auden.

'O for doors to be open and an invite with gilded edges
To dine with Lord Lobcock and Count Asthma on the platinum benches,
With the somersaults and fireworks, the roast and the smacking kisses . . .
Cried the six cripples to the silent statue,
The six beggared cripples.'

'Good gracious, darling, how perfectly extraordinary! I don't like it at all!' exclaimed Aunt Eudora, resorting to her smelling-salts.

'It does sound a bit odd,' I admitted, adding, 'A lot of people think highly of Auden, you know. The younger generation regard him as a very live wire indeed.'

'I'm sure they're right. He certainly gave me a shock. Try someone else now, dear.'

'Well, here's one called *Doctrinal Point* by William Empson:—

'The god approached dissolves into the air.

Magnolias, for instance, when in bud,
Are right in doing anything they can think of;
Free by predestination in the blood,
Saved by their own sap, shed for themselves,
Their texture can impose their architecture;
Their sapient matter is already informed.'

'Stop!' cried Aunt Eudora. 'What sort of poetry is that?'

'It's metaphysical. And the more you know about things, the more you know what it means.'

'Metafiddlesticks! I never heard such flat lines in my life.'

Seeing that I'd failed again, I embarked on *To a Chinese Girl*, by Ronald Bottrall.

'Your grapnel eyes dredging my body through
Haul up the uncharted silt, efface
The mud flats of impeding residue.

Thus trenching you rive up my yesterdays:
Exposed to sun, your eastern sun, not mine,
Compromise shrivels in Confucian rays.

Fitly proportioned pigments will combine
In deeper values, but vague ampersands
Choke the lacunae of our strict design.'

Again she checked me with a protesting hand. (The word 'ampersands' had puzzled her.)

'Really, Aunt Eudora, you must let me finish the poem. One shouldn't judge these things by fragments.'

'No, dear, I'd much rather hear what

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the Chinese girl said to him. In my day that sort of stuff was called pretentious verbiage. It may be clever. If so, I'm stupid. Try reading the *last* stanza of a poem, please.'

With deepening dismay, I obliged her with the last lines of an *Ode* by R. E. Warner:—

'Twining of serpents! Halitosis of lions!
be backward from the body.
Be speed from the wind and lightness in the air,
following no sandy path from Italy,
but moth-soft, palpitating, where
by wind's plume silver splashed
the untroubling negro water
Shrives with the light, O whitely blushes.'

'What is the subject of the *Ode?*' she enquired. Her eyes were closed, and she was beginning to look all her age.

'Well, it seems to be about the author returning to England from Egypt . . .'

No doubt it was extremely unfair to the anthology, but I simply hadn't the heart to read Aunt Eudora any more extracts. It was obvious that she would never catch up with the poetry of 1935. So I asked her to recite me something old-fashioned again before I said good-bye. And, oddly enough, she repeated some early lines by Gerard Manley Hopkins, that great Victorian whose later and much more elaborate idiom has been applauded and imitated by the present 'younger generation' of poets:—

'I have desired to go
Where springs not fail,
To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail
And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be
Where storms not come,
Where the green swell is in the havens dumb,
And out of the swing of the sea.'

How lovely it sounded! And how I wished that the young poets of 1935 would try to express themselves less artificially!

Words from a Hat

A Survey of Surrealism. *By David Gascoyne. London: Cobden-Sanderson. 1935.*

(Edward Shanks in the *Sunday Times*, London)

NORDAU, thou shouldst be living at this hour! For all I know (I must interject) that eminent thinker of the end of the nineteenth century, the author of *Degeneration*, may, indeed, be alive at this hour. But if he is, he is taking current manifestations in art and literature in a spirit of remarkable docility. It must be admitted, however, that even he would find it a little hard to know how to deal with some of them. He discovered echolalia in Rossetti, Swinburne and Morris, and other of the stigmata of degeneracy in Wagner, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Huysmans, Verlaine and the rest. One cannot help wondering what he would have said about a movement the historian of which writes:—

'Salvador Dali, a Catalan, brought with him into surrealism an element until then almost unknown to it. His most important contribution to surrealist experiment is his paranoiac method of criticism . . .'

It would probably make his position more difficult that the surrealists are rather inclined to refer for authority to Dr. Freud, who is surely in general estimation one of the successors of his own beloved Lombroso.

Lacking a Nordau, we must try to make our own appreciation of what is, at any rate, an artistic phenomenon of one sort or another. The dadaists and their successors, the surrealists, may be asses, but, if they are, they are systematic and persistent asses, with some force of character somewhere among them. They have published a number of books, reviews, and manifestoes, and they have moved an English gentleman of apparent intelligence to write a study of their endeavors. The future historian of the intellectual life of our times will not be able to avoid mentioning

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them, whatever he may say about them. So it is surely worth while to try to understand them now. For assistance in this direction we may be grateful to Mr. Gascoyne.

He begins his history of the movement with dadaism. The word '*dada*,' meaning 'hobby-horse,' was the first in a dictionary opened at random by Tristan Tzara, a young Rumanian, in a café in Zurich in February, 1916.

'The dada spirit,' says Mr. Gascoyne, 'was something shared by a number of extreme individualists of various nationalities, all of whom were in revolt against the whole of the epoch in which they lived. There is hardly a better expression of it than these words of Ribemont-Dessaignes: "What is beautiful? What is ugly? What is great, strong, weak? What is Carpentier, Renan, Foch? Don't know. What am I? Don't know. Don't know, don't know, don't know."

Dada, in other, but not, I think, more expressive words, is intellectual nihilism —a quite comprehensible attitude. No doubt neither the teaching nor the example of the exponents of this attitude was quite pure. But they had a good time, while keeping reasonably within its limits. Thus 'such was Marcel Duchamp's disgust for "art" that he invented a new form of expression, which he called "Ready-Made." A Ready-Made was any manufactured object that the artist liked to choose. For example, in 1917 he sent in to the New York *Salon des Indépendants* a simple marble lavatory-bowl, which he entitled *Fountain*, signing it R. Mutt. (Needless to say, it was rejected.)'

Where I do not quite follow Mr. Gascoyne is in his account of how surrealism emerged from dadaism, and in his appreciation of the distinction between the two. Beyond question, there was an emergence, and the persons concerned must feel that there is a distinction. 'Towards the middle of 1921,' says Mr. Gascoyne, 'a certain atmosphere of discontent and quarrelsomeness was beginning to make itself felt.' This ended in Mr. Tzara handing Mr. André Breton and some of his associates over to the police. In this mighty cataclysm surrealism was born.

The nearest approach to sense in the various definitions here quoted is in that given by Mr. André Breton:—

'This word, which we have not invented, and which we could so easily have left in the vaguest of critical vocabularies, is employed by us with a precise meaning. We have agreed to refer by it to a certain psychic automatism, which more or less corresponds to the dream-state, a state of which it is by this time very difficult to fix the limits.'

This enables us to understand Mr. Gascoyne when, indignantly denying the assertion that surrealism 'has no roots in English tradition,' he adduces the names of Shakespeare, Marlowe, Swift, Young, Coleridge, Blake, Beddoes, Lear and Carroll. It plainly refers to the element of what is sometimes called 'magic' in some at least of these poets. The surrealists believe that it comes from the subconscious, and they desire deliberately to tap this source of inspiration. Perhaps it is the deliberation which defeats them. Certainly Mr. Gascoyne's twenty-seven pages of translations disclose nothing comparable in literary power to *Kubla Khan* or *The Dong with the Luminous Nose*—only poems like this:—

The quarrel between the boiled chicken and
the ventriloquist
had for us the meaning of a cloud of dust
which passed above the city
like the blowing of a trumpet
It blew so loudly that its bowler-hat was
trembling
and its beard stood up on end
to bite off its nose.

Nonsense should be care-free, and the surrealists seem to me to be bowed down with care. They even worry about the state of the world. Their political position, Mr. Gascoyne tells us, is 'unchanging . . . in opposing bourgeois society, at-

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tacking religion, patriotism and the idea of family, and in declaring their belief in the principles of Communism, and their solidarity with the proletariat of all countries.' Have they arrived at this creed by the same process of 'pure psychic automatism' by which they write their poems? Or should *Das Kapital* be given an honored place beside 'the Pobble that had no toes?'

Frankly, I think there has been a decadence since the fine old days of dada, whose disciples were wont to produce poems 'by extracting words at random from a hat.' Even Mr. Aragon (who since has, I regret to report, seized 'an excellent opportunity to betray his former friends') then wrote a poem 'consisting of the letters of the alphabet,' and Mr. Breton, another 'consisting of an extract from the telephone directory.' Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive; and to be quite mad must have been, as anyone can see, very heaven.

But shades of the prison-house have begun to close about most of those brave spirits. They have put their hats and their telephone directories away (they may even have sunk so low as to use them for the ordinary bourgeois purposes), and are now trying to write nonsense in a more earnest and, I fear, a duller spirit. There is something to be said for genuine intellectual, or artistic, nihilism. But surrealism, I suspect, is for the most part a weak compromise with 'it all'—and, for the more energetic surrealists, a roundabout way back to something resembling sense as the rest of the world understands it.

Emil Ludwig's Africa

Der Nil. Volume I. Von der Quelle bis Aegypten. *By Emil Ludwig. Amsterdam: Querido-Verlag. 1935.*

(Balder Olden in the *Neues Tage-Buch*, Paris)

BISMARCK—Wagner—Goethe—Rembrandt—Napoleon—Wilhelm II—Jesus Christ—Hindenburg—Mussolini—Masaryk. In addition, shorter sketches of Frederick the Great, Stanley, Rhodes, Lenin, Wilson, Rathenau, Leonardo da Vinci, Shakespeare, Rembrandt, Voltaire, Byron, Lassalle, Schiller, Briand, Motta, Lloyd George, Venizelos, Stalin, and others. . . .

Even this enumeration does not give a complete picture of the biographical and historical work of Emil Ludwig at the age of fifty-five. He has been a lyric poet, a dramatist, a novelist and a literary historian as well. This abundance of themes arouses suspicion, and one is compelled to believe that it can only mean too much of a good thing. Naturally no individual can have read all the original sources for such varied knowledge. Ludwig did not do the research himself; he had others do it for him and he gave shape to his collaborators' findings. He was able to do so because he possesses one of the most felicitous and facile journalistic styles of our epoch. Essentially he remained—in the disguise of an historian—what he always was: a journalist.

This output, however, is always stirring. Each page gives me a feeling of insight acquired after struggle, even where I am antagonized by his style and his point of view. I wonder if literary criticism of the future will classify Ludwig among the dilettantes of genius who knew how to mirror their time with a thousandfold brilliance, though having little influence beyond it. Personally, I no longer think so. Emil Ludwig has just published the first volume of an entirely unexpected 'biography' entitled *The Nile*. This book deals with geography and economics, biography and irrigation, fauna and industry, psychology and politics, all subjects that are biological, historical and timely at the same time. In this instance no aphorism can distract from the problem, nor can any well-formulated report replace true insight. At first I glanced over this book eagerly; then I studied it carefully, for I have been in the midst of colonial problems and am familiar with the

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Nile from its source to its mouth. I know the literature on the subject and have listened to 'Old Africans' in all fields.

The book is genuine. It is not a mere routine description of a trip from Lake Tana and Speke Gulf to Wadi Halfa—written as a hasty contribution to the timely subject of Abyssinia. A real man has dug deep into the African world with all his being, has searched for the 'why' of appearances and has sought and found inter-relationships. He has let the images of Africa affect his soul like that of a youth who travels for the first time. Strangely enough his impressions are fresher, his language more genuine, his learning less obstrusive here than in his first book on Africa. *The Nile* is perhaps his best book, Africa his greatest love.

While in other books on Africa experts often turn into poets, in this book the poet Ludwig changes into an expert who hardly mentions himself. That does not mean at all that Ludwig's book is dry. On the contrary, it is a glittering picture-book. Short chapters, like that about the pygmies; the elephants; Samuel Baker; Gordon; the mad Hitler-like Mahdi, who in the twenty years of his reign reduced 8 million Sudanese to 2 millions; the Assuan dam—these are little masterpieces of the epic. An unjust Ludwig myth must be destroyed. He edited the book hurriedly, as is proved by the punctuation, but its conception and writing were done with profound care. It is the result of several long journeys and of serious research in a specialized library. Herodotus was a much faster reporter. He took only ten weeks to collect the material for his everlasting work on Egypt.

Ludwig's reason for concluding the work hastily was its burning timeliness. The campaign in Abyssinia, the threatening uprising in Egypt, England's sudden and passionate fidelity to the League of Nations, the peril of world war—all this is embodied in the facts about the Nile and the Suez Canal. The nucleus of the book is a report on Abyssinia and its latest history. That was the main reason why it had to appear quickly. And Ludwig will as hurriedly have to publish the second volume, with its burning issues, for the world needs it.

[The Nile, *by Emil Ludwig, is to be published in the United States by the Viking Press of New York.*]

Colette Speaks

Ce que Claudine n'a pas dit. *By Colette. Paris: Ferenczi. 1936.*

(E. Noulet in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paris)

FOR those who decry her faults, Colette has perpetrated another one in publishing *What Claudine Has Not Said*. Here, indeed, profiting by the fact that she is writing her own biography, 'she treads on graves,' to use the phrase of those who have become indignant over the fact that Gauthier-Villars does not show up as a sort of saint in the book. Is it, then, forbidden to speak the truth about the dead? Is it necessary to reduce their memories to insipidity? And what if the dead had been ill-omened in their lives? What is this superstition, but another sign of our childishness, which has neither kindness nor respect for its source, which obliges us to extol at the time when he who will benefit by this praise, whom our severity did not spare when he was still conscious of it, is no longer able to hear it? It is the opposite attitude that is the only logical and human one. It is the living people, still vulnerable, who demand gentleness, indulgence, and goodness; as for the dead, let them be severely judged for what they have left undone.

As far as the dead Willy is concerned, is it not obvious that no dismal funeral oration would have awakened such an intense interest and curiosity in him as has the striking portrait his authoress-wife has deliberately drawn? And I do not know whether Willy himself would not

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prefer his personality as seen by Colette to the most flattering photographs.

Moreover, in telling us what she owes respectively to her first husband, to her circle and to herself, Colette gives us once and for all the key to her personality, the sources and history of her books, thus preventing false rehashing and misrepresentation in the future. For if it is agreed that literary history is more preoccupied with authors than with values, and that it is nourished more by indiscretions than by analyses, I prefer the arrogant indiscretion of the living to the most daring hypotheses of pedantic biographers.

But the interest of the book is greater than that. It presents us with the most authentic and animated document on the beginning of our century that we have yet had. Colette has had spontaneous insight into the world of the theatre, of art, of letters, of the salon, and the music hall; in describing them she plays a rôle that no one else could have assumed: that of a contemporary chronicler. With her, it is not a question of historical or æsthetic reconstruction, but of an amusing and incisive picture of everyday humdrum events. Of course you will miss important aspects of the period, social trends, influences, philosophies, the grouping of intellectual spirits, systems, and prophecies. The reason for this is that Colette sees the history of the times as the history of individual lives—a hidden flow which leaves them exposed to touch and cognition. And although having become in her story of her apprenticeship the chronicler of the 1900's, she still remains, with all her limitations and merits, the poet of our animality.

[*Colette's books are published in the United States by Farrar & Rinehart, New York.*]

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

How Britain Is Governed. *By Ramsay Muir. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1935. xii and 335 pages. $2.50.*

The Governments of the British Empire. *By Arthur Berriedale Keith. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1935. xxvii and 646 pages. $6.00.*

DESPITE their manifest differences in scope and scholarship, the two works under review might be said to constitute an unwitting swan-song, while the attitudes of their authors perhaps help to explain how the need for so mournful a dirge has arisen. On the jacket of Ramsay Muir's book the publishers proclaim that it is a new edition of a work now standard, 'partially rewritten in the light of the events of the last two years.' The contents, however, show singularly little awareness of the events which have occurred in the world since the writing of the preface to the third edition in October, 1932. The point is important because the author not only describes and criticizes the machinery of government, but puts forward a series of proposals for the reform thereof which he believes will make possible the salvation of Britain within the framework of democracy. Now, while one may agree that good government is impossible without efficient machinery, the production thereof surely involves a consideration of social purposes and problems, of the struggles of classes and groups, and of the technological conditions in relation to which it has to operate.

All this Muir, not heeding the tumult and social misery of these latter years, completely ignores. His outlook is narrowly political and administrative. He ends with a plea for a long-term viewpoint and a union of men of good will who, agreeing on basic issues, can overcome temporary friction and exacerbated party strife. Yet his own program of reform scarcely offers a basis for coöperation directed towards intelligible ends conceived in the light of existing realities. Mr. Muir's churning in a vacuum, which Lloyd George apparently finds 'penetrating, courageous, and illuminating,' is at least valuable as an explanation of the decline of the Liberal Party whose tenets he proclaims.

Very different is the second volume under consideration. Professor Keith is probably the greatest living authority on the constitutional law and government of the Empire, and no serious student of that subject can safely dispense with this magistral survey of the subject. The book is admirably organized, contains a mass of detailed information, analyzes carefully the manifold legal problems involved, and provides careful statements of the growth and present position both of the constitutional structure of the Empire as a whole and of the governmental arrangements of its component parts. With its scholarship there can be no quarrel, and one can have nothing but praise for Professor Keith's moderation and good sense in presenting the problems of law over which differences of opinion have arisen. Nor can one deny that the author is singularly successful in making clear the social and racial situations behind certain of those issues, and that his critical comments on policy are frequently shrewd.

It is only in his conclusions, where he gives us his personal judgment on the current situation, that the author lays himself open to serious major criticism. Here the limitations of the legal mind, not modified adequately by the study of Sanscrit, of which Keith is professor, reveal themselves. The author deplores the growth of an attitude of lack of respect for law, which he sees illustrated by various acts of passive or active resistance to government in almost all the Dominions, as well as in Great Britain itself. Thus he views the General Strike of 1926 as 'a definite attempt to destroy government by consent,'—surely an extreme view—while he equally deplores resistance to wartime conscription in Canada and Gandhi's policy of non-coöperation in India. He compliments 'the good sense of Governments and people' which has successfully overcome such attacks, but deplores 'the failure to realize . . . the necessity that reforms should be effected by legal means.'

No doubt orderly legal reform is the most desirable method of social change. It is just because such reform does not take place, because existing legal arrangements do not offer fulfilment to vital needs of important groups, that resistance to government occurs. One

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might, indeed, suggest that the fundamental basis of agreement, which in the last century made possible that rule of law for which Professor Keith has so great a reverence, has forever disappeared in an irreconcilable conflict of economic interests. In any case it is futile to demand obedience and reverence for law when such behavior means intense suffering for its victims.

Professor Keith combines with his legalism a real love for the Empire whose institutions he has studied so long and earnestly. Its potential dissolution and the decrease of reverence for the mother-country are to him unmitigated tragedy. He seems to feel that freedom was granted with the understanding that closer coöperation would follow, and that the Dominions have cruelly ignored their pledge. Yet it is possible to argue that Great Britain has been, at least since 1926, a humble suppliant: the Dominions had to be granted their freedom, and England was driven to accept whatever sops they might choose to throw her. In terms of economic realities, she had no leverage, while the common interests of the whole Empire were trifling in comparison with the particular problems and ambitions of Dominions now marked by the more significant stigmata of Nation-States. In an uneasy world the destruction of any surviving unit greater than the individual nation is no doubt to be regretted. Nevertheless there is much to be said for a frank legal and political recognition of National Interest, as against a superficial and unsubstantial appearance of unity that would rapidly dissolve in time of crisis.

Not less revealing is Professor Keith's conviction of the blessings of British imperialism in the colonies and India. Keith feels that, should India attain its demand for complete independence, it could not long preserve that status. Hence continued British rule is to be desired. All this is singularly unconvincing, even granted that British imperialism has been no harsher than that of other great powers. The beneficence of trusteeship by any one colonial power is highly dubious; while, whatever the possible temporary anarchy of India, should British forces be removed, it seems unlikely that a new conqueror could successfully establish himself there.

Grateful as we may be to Professor Keith for providing us with organized material on constitutional law and practice in the Empire, we must look to scholars in other fields and with different approaches if we desire keys to the problems he has adumbrated.

—Thomas I. Cook

Unemployment: An International Problem. *A Report by a Study Group of Members of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. Oxford: Oxford University Press. 1935. 496 pages. $10.00.*

WE are so close to the depression in our own country, and the controversy over the remedial measures taken to alleviate it is so hot, that we tend to lose the world picture of the same phenomenon. Or, remembering it, and not having time to dig up all the facts about other countries, we are easy prey to this or that statement, often untrue, about how England or Sweden or some other nation solved its difficulty. This report by a study group of the Royal Institute of International Affairs will help to set us straight.

But while it is first-rate on its descriptive data, it sometimes falls down on interpretation. Take, for example, its treatment of the U. S. S. R. Of the four hundred seventy-eight pages in the book, less than fifty are concerned with the 'international problem' as it relates to that country. If this is justified on the ground that there is no unemployment on one-sixth of the earth's surface, then surely the reasons why this international problem is no problem there are important. But the authors admit that this fundamental aspect is not touched upon: '. . . a discussion of unemployment might be held to involve a reconsideration of the foundations of society, including the basic condition of production, of the distribution of wealth and of the means of exchange. These large questions must be left to general works on economics. This book has had a much more modest aim: the discussion of the extent of unemployment, some of the conditions under which the dislocation of labor in recent years has taken place and the practical measures by which the governments and the parties immediately concerned are attempting to grapple with the problem.'

It is not the province of a reviewer to condemn a book which sets out to do one thing on the ground that it has not done another. But suppose the tie-up is so close that it is impossible to do the one adequately without a sound treatment of the other? What then? What if we are told that in the United

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States 'the breakdown of the system is . . . largely a breakdown of confidence, the restoration of which is still in the balance'? If the large question of the cause of the breakdown of the system 'must be left to general works on economics,' why in the meantime must we be fed this type of inaccurate, superficial generalization?

The style of the book is disappointing, too. Though it says well what is universally known, in its effort to be truly scientific it is too often over-cautious. Thus, in a footnote on page 23, we learn that 'A report on the "Criticism and Improvement of Diets" issued by an Advisory Committee of the Ministry of Health appeared to differ from the British Medical Association report.' The two reports did not 'appear to differ.' They differed very much. Then why not say so? This would be carping criticism if the fault occurred only once or twice, but it does not—it is indicative of the treatment throughout.

Nevertheless the book is full of useful information compiled from authoritative sources. Where it is concerned with statistical facts covering the subjects within its field of inquiry, it is first-rate. But we had a right to expect more from a volume issued under such auspices and costing so much.

—Leo Huberman

Dictatorship in the Modern World. *Edited by Guy Stanton Ford. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press. 1935. 179 pages. $2.50.*

THIS little book has been highly praised by Professor Charles A. Beard as a contribution to our understanding of the theory and practice of dictatorship. It is made up of seven articles by seven prominent American authorities. Professor Max Lerner discusses *The Pattern of Dictatorship*, with particular reference to its Italian and German forms; *European Dictatorships* is the subject of a brief historical analysis by Ralph H. Lutz, Director of the Hoover War Library of Stanford University. Then comes an unusually revealing account of *Dictatorships in Spanish America* by J. Fred Rippy, of Duke University. *The Mussolini Régime* is a caustic exposé of Fascism by Henry R. Spencer, who has written extensively on Italy; the Nazi variant comes in for severe handling by Professor Harold C. Deutsch, in his *Origin of Dictatorship in Germany;* while the proletarian dictatorship of the Soviet Union is made the subject of a comparative analysis by Professor Hans Kohn in an essay on *Communist and Fascist Dictatorship.* After these six rather disturbing indications of current political trends, we are asked to consider *The Prospects for Democracy*, as they appear to Denis W. Brogan, a young English student who is now engaged on studies of Abraham Lincoln and the French bourgeois radical, Proudhon. Most of the authors adopt a political and social approach to their various subjects.

The Great Crisis and its Political Consequences: Economics and Politics, 1928–1934. *By E. Varga. New York: International Publishers. 1935. 175 pages. $1.50.*

TO the rapidly growing accumulation of books, monographs, reports and documents dealing with one or another aspect of the present world crisis may now be added the official contribution of the Third (Communist) International. E. Varga, as Director of the Institute of World Economy and Politics in Moscow, has, in this compact and highly provocative volume, assembled a large amount of material (drawn chiefly from acceptable 'bourgeois' sources) illustrating the decline of capitalist economy since 1928, from the point of view that 'a clear understanding of the peculiarities of the great economic crisis and of the special nature of the present depression is possible only on the basis of Marx's theory of crises and cycles.' It will be seen that impartiality is not one of the virtues of this book.

The Iron Garden. *By Simon Blumenfeld. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1936. 310 pages. $2.00.*

OUR native crop of novels by, about and for the worker (although the *New Masses* insists that the worker can't possibly afford to read books published at $2.00) makes it particularly interesting to taste of the fruit of the British tree in this kind.

In *Love On The Dole* and *The Time Is Ripe* we found out a good deal of what it means to live on the ragged edge in a great industrial city in Lancashire. In *The Iron Garden*—published in England as *Jew Boy*—Mr. Simon Blumenfeld does equivalent honors for a slice of London's East End, and does them in a highly entertaining and informative way.

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Through the sweatshop, the Workers' Circle, the dance hall, the street market, a swift succession of vivid scenes and episodes, we follow the somewhat dismal fortunes of Alec and his friends. We realize, with them, the corroding effects of uncertain and poorly paid employment, and we sympathize with their pitiful and unattainable hopes of earning as much as four pounds a week for two to live upon. But the tale is briskly and skilfully written; it cannot succeed in depressing us while it speaks so clearly of a dogged and spirited refusal to be logical and cry, 'All is lost! We have nothing left to hope for!'

If the conversation is sometimes a little wooden, if the class struggle expresses itself too often in clichés pasted on to the tale with a clumsy brush, we recall the imperfections of the American novel of this type as it was a few years ago and the artistic strides it has taken since then. *The Iron Garden* is something more than a good beginning.

—Henry Bennett

Doctor Morath. *By Max René Hesse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1936. 414 pages. $2.50.*

WHEN Hesse's *Dr. Morath* was first published in Germany, it was well received; but it was the publication of the second volume, not here included, which evoked the almost unanimous opinion that here was one of the finest German novels of recent years, and gave rise to comparisons with Lawrence, Proust and Conrad. As a result many turned back to read the first volume of the book. Perhaps the fact that this was in 1934, when the process of crushing intellectual freedom was going on and any 'liberal' book was threatened by the black list, made the songs of praise stronger than they would have been in pre-Nazi times. Even so, the novel is well worth reading, though this statement is true only of the book as a whole.

This reviewer is therefore disappointed to find that the English edition so far presents only the first part, which is rather fragmentary. It tells the story of young Dr. Morath, an idealistic German physician who is thrust into the abyss of a thoroughly corrupt and disintegrated South American high society, where he tries to make a place for himself. The book concludes with his marriage to Haidée, the fascinating halfcast, personification of black magic and all evil, with whom he is deeply infatuated. The colorful tropical atmosphere, the intrigues in the German colony, the hospital panorama (the author is a physician himself), all these make a brilliant setting for a story which is at times highly dramatic. It is, however, in the forthcoming volume that the narrative thoroughly unfolds and Morath, who in this first part recedes behind the milieu, finally emerges as a significant character.

— Ruth Norden

Land Without Shade. *By Hans Helfritz. Translated from the German by Kenneth Kirkness. New York: McBride, Andrews and Company. 1936. 286 pages. Eighty-three photographs by the author. $3.50.*

THIS is an admirable book, relating two, really three, excursions in Southern Arabia. On the first the author, accompanied by a friend, went up from Sheshr on the Indian Ocean to the little known 'skyscraper' cities in the Hadramaut Valley. The journey was arduous and, in spite of letters of recommendation from native Arabians, by no means free from danger. On the second the author went up alone from Sheshr, secured a Bedouin guide, and, joining a caravan, crossed the Ruba al Kahli desert into virtually forbidden districts of Yemen.

There are few descriptions and, with the exception of a thoughtful study of the Imam of Yemen, there is little analysis of character. Yet simple as it is, wholly without exhibitionism, avoiding judgments, and quite unofficious in sympathy, the narrative is deeply impressive. Heat, thirst, disappointment, insecurity, mentioned without complaint, seem to preserve for the reader the mystery of the land. He is simply drawn into the adventure, one he will not forget. At the end he will find himself hoping that Herr Helfritz will soon write again and at length on much he has merely hinted at in this book, such as the relationship between the pure architecture and the music of Southern Arabia, and the similarity of this culture with that of the Berbers in the Moroccan Atlas. The photographs are beautiful; the translation is excellent.

—Leland Hall

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

ONCE AGAIN we devote this department to some of the organizations which are carrying on active work for the cause of peace. Of these, one of the best known to magazine readers undoubtedly is World Peaceways (103 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.). It is World Peaceways which is responsible for the striking color advertisements about war which Americans have been seeing in their magazines since the fall of 1933. For World Peaceways was founded by a group of men and women who were convinced that the most effective way to mobilize American opinion in the cause of peace was to employ the methods of American advertising. In almost all of its many activities the organization has laid stress on the importance of obtaining the close and active coöperation of leading commercial and industrial concerns, publishers, manufacturers, and distributors. In its own words, the program of World Peaceways consists of 'a campaign to sell the idea of peace to the public.' Recently it has sponsored a series of Thursday evening programs under the title of 'To Arms for Peace.' In these, as in its advertisements, it employs the currently accepted methods of big business. Whether its work will have a permanent influence on the course of history only the future can tell; but there can be no doubt that the striking and effective advertisements of World Peaceways reach a larger number of persons than any other peace organization in the country.

THE National Council for Prevention of War (532 Seventeenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.) was founded fourteen years ago as a fact-finding, peace-news-disseminating clearing house for seventeen national organizations. It now serves over thirty affiliated organizations and multitudes of individuals throughout the United States. It is the largest unendowed peace organization in the country, and the second largest in the world. Its goal is to prevent war—to keep America out of war, to keep war out of the world. Its three-point platform is: Progressive World Organization, Worldwide Reduction of Armaments by International Agreement, Worldwide Education for Peace. It cooperates with all distinctively peace groups, local, state and national, but does not find coöperation possible with Communists and other groups that advocate change by force, nor with those who support peace by preparedness. During 1935 the NCPW distributed 1,316,688 pieces of literature of all sorts. Its staff members delivered 2,187 speeches in thirty-nine states, and the District of Columbia. Anti-war facts and material go constantly to all of the forty-eight states and U. S. territories, as well as to twenty-four foreign countries.

THE Fellowship of Reconciliation (2929 Broadway, New York, N. Y.), founded in England shortly after the outbreak of the World War, is a movement of Christian protest against war and of faith for a better way than violence for the solution of all conflict. Though not binding themselves to any exact form of words, its members 'refuse to participate in any war or to sanction military preparations. They work to abolish war and to work toward a good will between nations and classes, and they strive to build a social order which will allow no individual or group to be exploited for the pleasure or profit of another, and which will assure to all the means for realizing the best possibilities of life.' In the United States the Fellowship maintains four offices, holds regional and national conferences, and publishes a monthly journal called *Fellowship*, as well as occasional pamphlets and other literature.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

Left-wing publicist, tells how the change has affected Moscow. [p. 142]

FRIEDRICH SIEBURG is a German who was a Radical before the War, a Liberal after it, and a Conservative just before Hitler came to power. For many years he worked on the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, and today he represents that paper in Paris. His nostalgic description of Berlin, with its undertone of resignation, is typical of the state of mind of intelligent Germans who have tried to come to terms with the present régime. [p. 146]

THE STORY which we translate under the title of *The Good Horse* is by Antoon Coolen, a promising young writer from North Brabant, in Holland. Coolen has published a number of books in Flemish, and some in German. He has frequently been compared to Knut Hamsun, Jean Giono, and Olav Duun. *The Good Horse* introduces him to the English-speaking public for the first time. [p. 150]

JUST when the young Spanish Republic seemed about to go down in ignominious failure, it was rescued by the victory of the Left in the recent elections. Now it has another four years in which to prove itself. In the *Daily Herald* article which we reproduce, Mr. Harold Laski discusses the men and the issues which are likely to dominate the political scene during that period. [p. 159]

MEANWHILE Spaniards across the sea are living under a benevolent dictatorship. Mr. C. Hillekamps, a correspondent of the *Journal de Genève*, sums up the situation in the Argentine. [p. 162]

IN PERSONS AND PERSONAGES this month Miss Odette Pannetier unleashes the malice of her pen against Mr. Albert Sarraut, Mr. Laval's successor in the Premiership of France. [p. 133]. The same department presents a biography of Mr. Milan Hodža, the Premier of Czechoslovakia [p. 136], and a piece on Darius Milhaud, the modern French composer. [p. 140]

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